





THE VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Session 19

*This Book was awarded
as the Prize in
Class*

Professor.

The Eversley Edition

P O E M S

I



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Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

from a portrait in the possession of Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

Drawn by G.F. Watts, R.A., August, 1891.

P O E M S

I

ANNOTATED

BY

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TO THE QUEEN.

*Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,*

*Victoria,—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base ;*

*And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there ;*

*Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—*

TO THE QUEEN.

*Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,*

*And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day !
May children of our children say,
' She wrought her people lasting good ;*

*' Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land repos'd ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;*

*' And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet*

*' By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'*

March 1851.

JUVENILIA.

CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

I.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall :
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

II.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone :
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone :

At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleteth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

NOTHING WILL DIE.

WHEN will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye ?

When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky ?

When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting ?

When will the heart be aweary of beating ?
And nature die ?

Never, oh ! never, nothing will die ;

The stream flows,

The wind blows,

The cloud fleets,

The heart beats,

Nothing will die.

Nothing will die ;

All things will change

Thro' eternity.

'Tis the world's winter ;

Autumn and summer

Are gone long ago ;

NOTHING WILL DIE.

Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
 Here and there,
 Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made ;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range ;
For even and morn
 Ever will be
 Thro' eternity.
Nothing was born ;
Nothing will die ;
All things will change.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its flowing

Under my eye ;

Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing

Over the sky.

One after another the white clouds are fleeting ;

Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating

Full merrily ;

Yet all things must die.

The stream will cease to flow ;

The wind will cease to blow ;

The clouds will cease to fleet ;

The heart will cease to beat ;

For all things must die.

All things must die.

Spring will come never more.

Oh ! vanity !

Death waits at the door.

See ! our friends are all forsaking

The wine and the merrymaking.

We are call'd—we must go.

Laid low, very low,

In the dark we must lie.

The merry glee's are still ;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.

Oh ! misery !
Hark ! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing ;
Ice with the warm blood mixing ;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell :
Ye merry souls, farewell.

The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know,
Long ago.

And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore ;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Thro' eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS.

LOW-FLOWING breezes are roaming the broad valley
dimm'd in the gloaming :
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only the far river
shines.
Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-
blowing bushes,
Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall.
Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly ; the grasshopper
carolleth clearly ;
Deeply the wood-dove coos ; shrilly the owlet halloos ;
Winds creep ; dews fall chilly : in her first sleep earth
breathes stilly :
Over the pools in the burn water-gnats murmur and
mourn.
Sadly the far kine loweth : the glimmering water out-
floweth :
Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope to the dark
hyaline.
Low-throned Hesper is stayed between the two peaks ;
but the Naiad

Throbbing in mild unrest holds him beneath in her
breast.

The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things
bringeth,

Smoothing the wearied mind: bring me my love,
Rosalind.

Thou comest morning or even; she cometh not
morning or even.

False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosa-
lind?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

O God ! my God ! have mercy now.
I faint, I fall. Men say that Thou
Didst die for me, for such as *me*,
Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,
And that my sin was as a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow,
Wounding Thy soul.—That even now,
In this extrekest misery
Of ignorance, I should require
A sign ! and if a bolt of fire
Would rive the slumbrous summer noon
While I do pray to Thee alone,
Think my belief would stronger grow !
Is not my human pride brought low ?
The boastings of my spirit still ?
The joy I had in my freewill
All cold, and dead, and corpse-like grown ?
And what is left to me, but Thou,

And faith in Thee? Men pass me by;
Christians with happy countenances—
And children all seem full of Thee!
And women smile with saint-like glances
Like Thine own mother's when she bow'd
Above Thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And Thou and peace to earth were born.
Goodwill to me as well as all—
I one of them: my brothers they:
Brothers in Christ—a world of peace
And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should cease,
And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!
And at a burial to hear
The creaking cords which wound and eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,
With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows

Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
They comfort him by night and day ;
They light his little life alway ;
He hath no thought of coming woes ;
He hath no care of life or death ;
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is ;
And loveth so his innocent heart,
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air,
Whose chillness would make visible
Her subtil, warm, and golden breath,
Which mixing with the infant's blood,
Fulfils him with beatitude.

Oh ! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof, and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows

Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listen'd to thy vows,
For me outpour'd in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy!—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining thro'.
Oh! wherefore do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep? why dare
Paths in the desert? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast knelt,
To the earth—until the ice would melt
Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?
What Devil had the heart to scathe
Flowers thou hadst rear'd—to brush the dew
From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay?
Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
So little love for thee? But why
Prevail'd not thy pure prayers? Why pray
To one who heeds not, who can save
But will not? Great in faith, and strong
Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if
Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted i' the echoing dance

Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk ! I know
At matins and at evensong,
That thou, if thou wert yet alive,
In deep and daily prayers would'st strive
To reconcile me with thy God.

Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldest murmur still—
'Bring this lamb back into Thy fold,
My Lord, if so it be Thy will.'

Would'st tell me I must brook the rod
And chastisement of human pride ;
That pride, the sin of devils, stood
Betwixt me and the light of God !

That hitherto I had defied
And had rejected God—that grace
Would drop from his o'er-brimming love,
As manna on my wilderness,

If I would pray—that God would move
And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence

Which would keep green hope's life. Alas !

I think that pride hath now no place
Nor sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the sea
At midnight, when the crisp slope waves
After a tempest, rib and fret
The broad-imbased beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland mere?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can
Draw down into his vexed pools
All that blue heaven which hues and paves
The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and fear.

‘Yet,’ said I, in my morn of youth,
The unsunn’d freshness of my strength,
When I went forth in quest of truth,
‘It is man’s privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,
An image with profulgent brows,
And perfect limbs, as from the storm
Of running fires and fluid range
Of lawless airs, at last stood out

This excellence and solid form
Of constant beauty. For the Ox
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
The horned valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringed hills
In summer heats, with placid lows
Unfearing, till his own blood flows
About his hoof. And in the flocks
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flower'd furrow. In a time,
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Thro' his warm heart ; and then, from whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow ; and his native slope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.
Shall man live thus, in joy and hope
As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
Living, but that he shall live on ?
Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that seem,
And things that be, and analyse
Our double nature, and compare

All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be? Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I Idol? Let Thy dove
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremember'd, and Thy love
Enlighten me. Oh teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharp-headed worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath.

O weary life! O weary death!
O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damned vacillating state!

THE KRAKEN.

BELOW the thunders of the upper deep ;
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth : faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides : above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height ;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep ;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

SONG.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
 Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
 With mellow preludes, ‘We are free.’

The streams thro’ many a lilyed row
 Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
 Atween the blossoms, ‘We are free.’

LILIAN.

I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can ;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

II.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks :
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,

Till the lightning laughers dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
Then away she flies.

III.

Prythee weep, May Lilian !
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian :
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth :
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

IV.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

ISABEL.

I.

EYES not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit ; locks not wide-dispread,
 Madonna-wise on either side her head ;
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
 Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
 Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

II.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime ; a prudence to withhold ;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart ;

A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws ; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
 Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
 Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride ;
A courage to endure and to obey ;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

III.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon ;
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
 With swifter movement and in purer light
 The vexed eddies of its wayward brother :
 A leaning and upbearing parasite,
 Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite
 With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
 Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—
 Shadow forth thee :—the world hath not another
(Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,
 And thou of God in thy great charity)
 Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

MARIANA.

'Mariana in the moated grange,'
Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all :
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange :
Unlifted was the clinking latch ;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, ' My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! '

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven.
Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, ‘The night is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !’

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen’s low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seem’d to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, ‘The day is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead !’

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken’d waters slept,
And o’er it many, round and small,
The cluster’d marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark :
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, ‘ My life is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘ I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! ’

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, ‘ The night is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said ;
She said, ‘ I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead ! ’

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak’d ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek’d,

Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said ;
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead !'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then, said she, ' I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said ;
 She wept, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 Oh God, that I were dead !'

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

WITH one black shadow at its feet,
The house thro' all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines :
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown

To left and right, and made appear
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.

And ‘Ave Mary,’ was her moan,
‘Madonna, sad is night and morn,’
And ‘Ah,’ she sang, ‘to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.’

Till all the crimson changed, and past
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmur'd she ;
Complaining, ‘Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load.’
And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face.

‘Is this the form,’ she made her moan,
‘That won his praises night and morn?’
And ‘Ah,’ she said, ‘but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.’

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt :

Till now at noon she slept again,
And seem'd knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.

She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, 'My spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn.'

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream :
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke : the babble of the stream
Fell, and, without, the steady glare
Shrank one sick willow sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty-white ;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.

She whisper'd, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten and die forlorn.'

And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
For 'Love,' they said, 'must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth.'

An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say
'But now thy beauty flows away,
So be alone for evermore.'

'O cruel heart,' she changed her tone,
'And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?'

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
'But thou shalt be alone no more.'
And flaming downward over all
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.

'The day to night,' she made her moan,
'The day to night, the night to morn,
And day and night I am left alone
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

At eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea :
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
And lean'd upon the balcony.

There all in spaces rosy-bright
Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,
And deepening thro' the silent spheres
Heaven over Heaven rose the night.
And weeping then she made her moan,
‘The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.’

TO —.

I.

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts awain
 The knots that tangle human creeds,
The wounding cords that bind and strain
 The heart until it bleeds,
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
 Roof not a glance so keen as thine :
If aught of prophecy be mine,
 Thou wilt not live in vain.

II.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit ;
Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow :
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not now
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.
Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant swords
 Can do away that ancient lie ;
A gentler death shall Falsehood die,
Shot thro' and thro' with cunning words.

III.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning speed ;
Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

I.

THOU art not steep'd in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever varying Madeline.
Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of flitting change.

II.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles : but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter ?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know ?
Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
Light-glooming over eyes divine,

Like little clouds sun-fringed, are thine,
 Ever varying Madeline.
Thy smile and frown are not aloof
 From one another,
 Each to each is dearest brother ;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
 Momently shot into each other.
 All the mystery is thine ;
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
 Ever varying Madeline.

III.

A subtle, sudden flame,
By veering passion fann'd,
 About thee breaks and dances :
When I would kiss thy hand,
The flush of anger'd shame
 O'erflows thy calmer glances,
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown :
But when I turn away,
Thou, willing me to stay,
 Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest ;
 But, looking fixedly the while,
All my bounding heart entanglest
 In a golden-netted smile ;

Then in madness and in bliss,
If my lips should dare to kiss
Thy taper fingers amorously,
Again thou blushest angerly ;
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown.

SONG—THE OWL.

I.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay ;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG.

TO THE SAME.

I.

THY tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

II.

I would mock thy chaunt anew ;
But I cannot mimick it ;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
Tuwwoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time ;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old ;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue :
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,

Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side :

In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often where clear-stemm'd platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I enter'd, from the clearer light,
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome

Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward ; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond ripples musical,
Thro' little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-colour'd shells
Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung ;
Not he : but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
 Apart from place, withholding time,
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumber'd : the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind :
A sudden splendour from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
 Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flame :

So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
Entranced with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn—
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,

Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone ;

The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underprop't a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,

THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

ODE TO MEMORY.

ADDRESSED TO ——.

I.

THOU who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present ; oh, haste,
 Visit my low desire !
Strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II.

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day ; but robed in soften'd light
 Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
 When, she, as thou,

Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

III.

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence ; and the cope
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Tho' deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress ;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful :

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.

O strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes !
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory !

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried :
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,

O ! hither lead thy feet !
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
 Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

v.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
 When first she is wed ;
 And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
 With music and sweet showers
 Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
 With royal frame-work of wrought gold ;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
 Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
 Upon the storied walls ;
 For the discovery

And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
 Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days :
No matter what the sketch might be ;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky ;
Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender :
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,

We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne !

O strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG.

I.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :
 To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
 In the walks ;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers :
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death ;

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,

 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

A CHARACTER.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, ‘The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things.’
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty : that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air ;
Then looking as ’twere in a glass,
He smooth’d his chin and sleek’d his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue : not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by :
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold :
Upon himself himself did feed :
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

THE POET.

THE poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay : with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame :
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
 Them earthward till they lit ;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
 The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
 Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
 A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
 The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing
 spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
 Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
 Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
 Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd
 Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
 Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
 Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
 Sunn'd by those orient skies ;
But round about the circles of the globes
 Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
 WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.
 And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
 And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
 Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
 She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND.

I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit :
Vex not thou the poet's mind ;
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river ;
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

II.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear ;
All the place is holy ground ;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.
Holy water will I pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it around.
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.

In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.

Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wild-bird's din.

In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants.
It would fall to the ground if you came in.

In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder ;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder :
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love ;
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and full,
You never would hear it ; your ears are so dull ;
So keep where you are : you are foul with sin ;
It would shrink to the earth if you came in.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold ; and while they mused
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away ? fly no more.

Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore ?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls :
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea :
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea :
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me :

Hither, come hither and frolic and play ;
Here it is only the mew that wails ;
We will sing to you all the day :
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free ;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;
Hither, come hither and see ;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be :
O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we :
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee :
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er ?
Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner, mariner, fly
no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

I.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide :
Careless tenants they !

II.

All within is dark as night :
In the windows is no light ;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

III.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

IV.

Come away : no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

V.

Come away : for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us !

THE DYING SWAN.

I.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
 An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
 And loudly did lament.
 It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
 And took the reed-tops as it went.

II.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
 One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
 Chasing itself at its own wild will,

And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

III.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow : at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear ;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold ;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the southing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE.

I.

Now is done thy long day's work ;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

III.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny ?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

IV.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee ;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

V.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Thro' the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

VI.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine ;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

VII.

Wild words wander here and there :
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused :

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes ;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight :
' You must begone,' said Death, ' these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ;
Yet ere he parted said, ' This hour is thine :
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death ;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.'

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.

There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,

Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,

At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana :
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana :
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana :
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana !

Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.

Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.

Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana ;

But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana !

How could I rise and come away,
Oriana ?

How could I look upon the day ?

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—

They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana !

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana !

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
 Oriana :
What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
 Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
 Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies.
 Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
 Oriana.

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
 Oriana.

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
 Oriana !

O happy thou that liest low,
 Oriana !

All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
 Oriana.

A weary, weary way I go,
 Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,

I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas ;
Two strangers meeting at a festival ;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall ;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease ;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed ;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred ;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

THE MERMAN.

I.)

WHO would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne ?

II.

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day ;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power ;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower ;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly ;

And then we would wander away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

III.

There would be neither moon nor star ;
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
Neither moon nor star.

We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry

All night, merrily, merrily ;

They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,

All night, merrily, merrily :

But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine :

Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me

Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh ! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green !
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea ;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID.

I.)

WHO would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne ?

II.

I would be a mermaid fair ;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day ;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair ;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
'Who is it loves me ? who loves not me ?'
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
 Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
 Low adown and around,

And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall ;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III.

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks ;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are highest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells ;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ;

They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea :
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

ADELINE.

I.

MYSTERY of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair ;
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherfore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?

II.

Whence that airy bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon,
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,

Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherfore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

III.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.

Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?

Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherfore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

IV.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close

His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

v.

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,
While his locks a-drooping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

MARGARET.

I.

O SWEET pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
 Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
 Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
 From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
 Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
 That dimples your transparent cheek,
 Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight

Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round,
Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

II.

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Laid by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and bright :
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.

III.

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the waning stars
The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang looking thro' his prison bars ?
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well ?

IV.

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.
You move not in such solitudes,
You are not less divine,
But more human in your moods,
Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
Your hair is darker, and your eyes
Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue,
And less aërially blue,
But ever trembling thro' the dew
Of dainty-woeful sympathies.

V.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear me speak :
Tie up the ringlets on your cheek :
The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen,
Moving in the leavy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,

Where all day long you sit between
Joy and woe, and whisper each.
Or only look across the lawn,
Look out below your bower-eaves,
Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn
Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

ROSALIND.

I.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,
Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,
Stoops at all game that wing the skies,
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon, whither,
Careless both of wind and weather,
Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,
Up or down the streaming wind?

II.

The quick lark's closest-caroll'd strains,
The shadow rushing up the sea,
The lightning flash atween the rains,
The sunlight driving down the lea,
The leaping stream, the very wind,
That will not stay, upon his way,
To stoop the cowslip to the plains,

Is not so clear and bold and free
As you, my falcon Rosalind.
You care not for another's pains,
Because you are the soul of joy,
Bright metal all without alloy.
Life shoots and glances thro' your veins,
And flashes off a thousand ways,
Thro' lips and eyes in subtle rays.
Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright,
Keen with triumph, watching still
To pierce me thro' with pointed light ;
But oftentimes they flash and glitter
Like sunshine on a dancing rill,
And your words are seeming-bitter,
Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter
From excess of swift delight.

III.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,
My gay young hawk, my Rosalind :
Too long you keep the upper skies ;
Too long you roam and wheel at will ;
But we must hood your random eyes,
That care not whom they kill,
And your cheek, whose brilliant hue
Is so sparkling-fresh to view,
Some red heath-flower in the dew,

Touch'd with sunrise. We must bind
And keep you fast, my Rosalind,
Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,
And clip your wings, and make you love :
When we have lured you from above,
And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night,
From North to South,
We'll bind you fast in silken cords,
And kiss away the bitter words
From off your rosy mouth.

ELEÄNORE.

I.

THY dark eyes open'd not,
Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,
For there is nothing here,
Which, from the outward to the inward brought,
Moulded thy baby thought.
Far off from human neighbourhood,
Thou wert born, on a summer morn,
A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
With breezes from our oaken glades,
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights, and floating shades :
And flattering thy childish thought
The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,

And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

II.

Or the yellow-banded bees,
Thro' half-open lattices
Coming in the scented breeze,
Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
With whitest honey in fairy gardens cull'd—
A glorious child, dreaming alone,
In silk-soft folds, upon yielding down,
With the hum of swarming bees
Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

III.

Who may minister to thee ?
Summer herself should minister
To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded
On golden salvers, or it may be,
Youngest Autumn, in a bower
Grape-thicken'd from the light, and blinded
With many a deep-hued bell-like flower
Of fragrant trailers, when the air
Sleepeth over all the heaven,

And the crag that fronts the Even,
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere,
Eleänore !

IV.

How may full-sail'd verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleänore ?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleänore ?
Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine,
Eleänore,
And the steady sunset glow,
That stays upon thee? For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single ;
Like two streams of incense free
From one censer in one shrine,
Thought and motion mingle,
Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as tho'
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep
Of richest pauses, evermore
Drawn from each other mellow-deep ;
Who may express thee, Eleänore ?

V.

I stand before thee, Eleänore ;
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.
I muse, as in a trance, whene'er
The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on to me. I would I were
So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies,
To stand apart, and to adore,
Gazing on thee for evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore !

VI.

Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep
In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite,

I cannot veil, or droop my sight,
But am as nothing in its light :
As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,
Ev'n while we gaze on it,
Should slowly round his orb, and slowly grow
To a full face, there like a sun remain
Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,
And draw itself to what it was before ;
So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleānore.

vii.

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high,
Roof'd the world with doubt and fear,
Floating thro' an evening atmosphere,
Grow golden all about the sky ;
In thee all passion becomes passionless,
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,
Losing his fire and active might
In a silent meditation,
Falling into a still delight,
And luxury of contemplation :
As waves that up a quiet cove
Rolling slide, and lying still
Shadow forth the banks at will :

Or sometimes they swell and move,
Pressing up against the land,
With motions of the outer sea :
 And the self-same influence
 Controlleth all the soul and sense
Of Passion gazing upon thee.
His bow-string slacken'd, languid Love,
 Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
Droops both his wings, regarding thee,
 And so would languish evermore,
 Serene, imperial Eleänore.

VIII.

But when I see thee roam, with tresses unconfined,
While the amorous, odorous wind
 Breathes low between the sunset and the moon ;
 Or, in a shadowy saloon,
On silken cushions half reclined ;
 I watch thy grace ; and in its place
 My heart a charmed slumber keeps,
 While I muse upon thy face ;
 And a languid fire creeps
 Thro' my veins to all my frame,
 Dissolvingly and slowly : soon
 From thy rose-red lips MY name
 Floweth ; and then, as in a swoon,

With dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue faltereth,
I lose my colour, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death,
Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.
I die with my delight, before
I hear what I would hear from thee ;
Yet tell my name again to me,
I would be dying evermore,
So dying ever, Eleänore.

I.

My life is full of weary days,
But good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wander'd into other ways :
I have not lack'd thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go :
Shake hands once more : I cannot sink
So far—far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.

II.

When in the darkness over me
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape.

And when the sappy field and wood
 Grow green beneath the showery gray,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
 And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with may,
 Ring sudden scritches of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will,
 And on my clay her darnel grow ;
Come only, when the days are still,
 And at my headstone whisper low,
 And tell me if the woodbines blow.

EARLY SONNETS.

I.

TO —

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude ;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, ‘ All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where.’
So, friend, when first I look’d upon your face,
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true—
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
That tho’ I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either’s heart and speech.

II.

TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
To scare church-harpies from the master's feast ;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee :
Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily ;
But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

III.

MINE be the strength of spirit, full and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewith he was thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea :—
Which with increasing might doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.
Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow ;
Ev'n as the warm gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

IV.

ALEXANDER.

WARRIOR of God, whose strong right arm debased
The throne of Persia, when her Satrap bled
At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fled
Beyond the Memmian naphtha-pits, disgraced
For ever — thee (thy pathway sand-erased)
Gliding with equal crowns two serpents led
Joyful to that palm-planted fountain-fed
Ammonian Oasis in the waste.
There in a silent shade of laurel brown
Apart the Chamian Oracle divine
Shelter'd his unapproached mysteries :
High things were spoken there, unhanded down :
Only they saw thee from the secret shrine
Returning with hot cheek and kindled eyes.

v.

BUONAPARTE.

HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen who sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls,—lit by sure hands,—
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,—
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shatter'd spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility
Perforce, like those whom Gideon school'd with briers.

VI.

POLAND.

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
And trampled under by the last and least
Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased
To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
The fields, and out of every smouldering town
Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,
Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East
Transgress his ample bound to some new crown :—
Cries to Thee, ‘Lord, how long shall these things be?
How long this icy-hearted Muscovite
Oppress the region?’ Us, O Just and Good,
Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three ;
Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right—
A matter to be wept with tears of blood !

VII.

CARESS'D or chidden by the slender hand,
And singing airy trifles this or that,
Light Hope at Beauty's call would perch and stand,
And run thro' every change of sharp and flat ;
And Fancy came and at her pillow sat,
When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band,
And chased away the still-recurring gnat,
And woke her with a lay from fairy land.
But now they live with Beauty less and less,
For Hope is other Hope and wanders far,
Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious creeds ;
And Fancy watches in the wilderness,
Poor Fancy sadder than a single star,
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

VIII.

THE form, the form alone is eloquent !
A nobler yearning never broke her rest
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplishment :
Yet in the whirling dances as we went,
My fancy made me for a moment blest
To find my heart so near the beauteous breast
That once had power to rob it of content.
A moment came the tenderness of tears,
The phantom of a wish that once could move,
A ghost of passion that no smiles restore—
For ah ! the slight coquette, she cannot love,
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
She still would take the praise, and care no more.

IX.

WAN Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast
Of those dead lineaments that near thee lie ?
O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the past,
In painting some dead friend from memory ?
Weep on : beyond his object Love can last :
His object lives : more cause to weep have I :
My tears, no tears of love, are flowing fast,
No tears of love, but tears that Love can die.
I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,
Nor care to sit beside her where she sits—
Ah pity—hint it not in human tones,
But breathe it into earth and close it up
With secret death for ever, in the pits
Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

X.

IF I were loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through bitter brine.
'Twere joy, not fear, claspt hand-in-hand with thee,
To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills,
Apart upon a mountain, tho' the surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

XI.

THE BRIDESMAID.

O BRIDESMAID, ere the happy knot was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see ;
Thy sister smiled and said, ‘ No tears for me !
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.’
And then, the couple standing side by side,
Love lighted down between them full of glee,
And over his left shoulder laugh’d at thee,
‘ O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride.’
And all at once a pleasant truth I learn’d,
For while the tender service made thee weep,
I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,
And prest thy hand, and knew the press return’d.
And thought, ‘ My life is sick of single sleep :
O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride !’

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers ‘Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.’

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily

 As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,

And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trod ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot :

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,

The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,

The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,

The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, ‘She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,

The Lady of Shalott.’

THE TWO VOICES.

A still small voice spake unto me,
‘Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?’

Then to the still small voice I said ;
‘Let me not cast in endless shade
What is so wonderfully made.’

To which the voice did urge reply ,
‘To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

‘An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk : from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

‘He dried his wings : like gauze they grew ;
Thro’ crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.’

I said, 'When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man.

'She gave him mind, the lordliest
Proportion, and, above the rest,
Dominion in the head and breast.'

Thereto the silent voice replied ;
'Self-blinded are you by your pride :
Look up thro' night : the world is wide.

'This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

'Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres ?'

It spake, moreover, in my mind :
'Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind.'

Then did my response clearer fall :
'No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.'

To which he answer'd scoffingly ;
‘Good soul ! suppose I grant it thee,
Who'll weep for thy deficiency ?

‘Or will one beam be less intense,
When thy peculiar difference
Is cancell'd in the world of sense ?’

I would have said, ‘Thou canst not know,’
But my full heart, that work'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me :
‘Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be.

‘Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep :
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep.’

I said, ‘The years with change advance :
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

‘Some turn this sickness yet might take,
Ev'n yet.’ But he : ‘What drug can make
A wither'd palsy cease to shake ?’

I wept, ‘Tho’ I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow ;

‘And men, thro’ novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.’

‘Yet,’ said the secret voice, ‘some time,
Sooner or later, will gray prime
Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

‘Not less swift souls that yearn for light,
Rapt after heaven’s starry flight,
Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

‘Not less the bee would range her cells,
The furzy prickle fire the dells,
The foxglove cluster dappled bells.’

I said that ‘all the years invent ;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

‘Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
Tho’ watching from a ruin’d tower
How grows the day of human power ?’

‘The highest-mounted mind,’ he said,
‘Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

‘Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lonely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main ?

‘Or make that morn, from his cold crown
And crystal silence creeping down,
Flood with full daylight glebe and town ?

Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
In midst of knowledge, dream’d not yet.

‘Thou hast not gain’d a real height,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,
Because the scale is infinite.

‘Twere better not to breathe or speak,
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek.

‘Moreover, but to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign’d,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind.’

I said, ‘When I am gone away,
“He dared not tarry,” men will say,
Doing dishonour to my clay.’

‘This is more vile,’ he made reply,
‘To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,
Than once from dread of pain to die.

‘Sick art thou—a divided will
Still heaping on the fear of ill
The fear of men, a coward still.

‘Do men love thee? Art thou so bound
To men, that how thy name may sound
Will vex thee lying underground?

‘The memory of the wither’d leaf
In endless time is scarce more brief
Than of the garner’d Autumn-sheaf.

‘Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;
The right ear, that is fill’d with dust,
Hears little of the false or just.’

‘Hard task, to pluck resolve,’ I cried,
‘From emptiness and the waste wide
Of that abyss, or scornful pride!

‘ Nay—rather yet that I could raise
One hope that warm’d me in the days
While still I yearn’d for human praise.

‘ When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents I paused and sung,
The distant battle flash’d and rung.

‘ I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
And, sitting, burnish’d without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

‘ Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

‘ Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love—

‘ As far as might be, to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about—

‘ To search thro’ all I felt or saw,
The springs of life. the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law :

‘At least, not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

‘To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

‘In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honour’d, known,
And like a warrior overthrown ;

‘Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil’d with noble dust, he hears
His country’s war-song thrill his ears :

‘Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman’s line is broke,
And all the war is roll’d in smoke.’

‘Yea !’ said the voice, ‘thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud.
It was the stirring of the blood.

‘If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour ?

‘Then comes the check, the change, the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall.
There is one remedy for all.

‘Yet hadst thou, thro’ enduring pain,
Link’d month to month with such a chain
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

‘Thou hadst not between death and birth
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.
So were thy labour little-worth.

‘That men with knowledge merely play’d,
I told thee—hardly nigher made,
Tho’ scaling slow from grade to grade ;

‘Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,
Named man, may hope some truth to find,
That bears relation to the mind.

‘For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

‘Cry, faint not : either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

‘Cry, faint not, climb : the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

‘Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

‘I will go forward, sayest thou,
I shall not fail to find her now.
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

‘If straight thy track, or if oblique,
Thou know’st not. Shadows thou dost strike,
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like ;

‘And owning but a little more
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,
Calling thyself a little lower

‘Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl !
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl ?
There is one remedy for all.’

‘O dull, one-sided voice,’ said I,
‘Wilt thou make everything a lie,
To flatter me that I may die ?

‘I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

‘I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven :

‘Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream ;

‘But heard, by secret transport led,
Ev’n in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head—

‘Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

‘He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho’ cursed and scorn’d, and bruised with
stones :

‘But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray’d, and from a happy place
God’s glory smote him on the face.’

The sullen answer slid betwixt :
‘ Not that the grounds of hope were fix’d,
The elements were kindlier mix’d.’

I said, ‘ I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse.

‘ And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new :

‘ Or that this anguish fleeting hence,
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fix’d and froz’n to permanence :

‘ For I go, weak from suffering here :
Naked I go, and void of cheer :
What is it that I may not fear ?’

‘ Consider well,’ the voice replied,
‘ His face, that two hours since hath died ;
Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride ?

‘ Will he obey when one commands ?
Or answer should one press his hands ?
He answers not, nor understands.

‘ His palms are folded on his breast :
There is no other thing express’d
But long disquiet merged in rest.

‘ His lips are very mild and meek :
Tho’ one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

‘ His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss’d, taking his last embrace,
Becomes dishonour to her race—

‘ His sons grow up that bear his name,
Some grow to honour, some to shame,—
But he is chill to praise or blame.

‘ He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

‘ High up the vapours fold and swim :
About him broods the twilight dim :
The place he knew forgetteth him.’

‘ If all be dark, vague voice,’ I said,
‘ These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

‘The sap dries up : the plant declines.
A deeper tale my heart divines.
Know I not Death ? the outward signs ?

‘I found him when my years were few ;
A shadow on the graves I knew,
And darkness in the village yew.

‘From grave to grave the shadow crept :
In her still place the morning wept :
Touch’d by his feet the daisy slept.

‘The simple senses crown’d his head :
“Omega ! thou art Lord,” they said,
“We find no motion in the dead.”

‘Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,
Should that plain fact, as taught by these,
Not make him sure that he shall cease ?

‘Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense ?

‘He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
That read his spirit blindly wise,
Not simple as a thing that dies.

'Here sits he shaping wings to fly:
His heart forebodes a mystery:
He names the name Eternity.

'That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find.
He sows himself on every wind.

'He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
And thro' thick veils to apprehend
A labour working to an end.

'The end and the beginning vex
His reason: many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counterchecks.

'He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.

'Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

'Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt,

‘But thou canst answer not again.
With thine own weapon art thou slain,
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

‘The doubt would rest, I dare not solve
In the same circle we revolve.
Assurance only breeds resolve.’

As when a billow, blown against,
Falls back, the voice with which I fenced
A little ceased, but recommenced.

‘Where wert thou when thy father play’d
In his free field, and pastime made,
A merry boy in sun and shade ?

‘A merry boy they call’d him then,
He sat upon the knees of men
In days that never come again.

‘Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course, till thou wert also man :

‘Who took a wife, who rear’d his race,
Whose wrinkles gather’d on his face,
Whose troubles number with his days :

‘A life of nothings, nothing-worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth !’

‘These words,’ I said, ‘are like the rest ;
No certain clearness, but at best
A vague suspicion of the breast :

‘But if I grant, thou mightst defend
The thesis which thy words intend—
That to begin implies to end ;

‘Yet how should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould ?

‘I cannot make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain.

‘It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

‘As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro’ from state to state.

‘As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again.

‘So might we, if our state were such
As one before, remember much,
For those two likes might meet and touch.

‘But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace ;

‘Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning toward the lamps of night ;

‘Or if thro’ lower lives I came—
Tho’ all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

‘I might forget my weaker lot ;
For is not our first year forgot ?
The haunts of memory echo not.

‘And men, whose reason long was blind,
From cells of madness unconfined,
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

‘Much more, if first I floated free,
As naked essence, must I be
Incompetent of memory :

‘For memory dealing but with time,
And he with matter, could she climb
Beyond her own material prime ?

‘Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

‘Of something felt, like something here ;
Of something done, I know not where ;
Such as no language may declare.’

The still voice laugh’d. ‘I talk,’ said he,
‘Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee
Thy pain is a reality.’

‘But thou,’ said I, ‘hast missed thy mark,
Who sought’st to wreck my mortal ark,
By making all the horizon dark.

‘Why not set forth, if I should do
This rashness, that which might ensue
With this old soul in organs new ?

‘Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long’d for death.

‘”Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant ;
More life, and fuller, that I want.’

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn,
‘Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.’

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften’d airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God’s house the people prest :
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter’d like a welcome guest.

One walk’d between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on :
I spoke, but answer came there none :
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faintly understood,
'I see the end, and know the good.'

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes :

Such seem'd the whisper at my side :
' What is it thou knowest, sweet voice ? ' I cried.
' A hidden hope,' the voice replied :

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers :
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along :
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong ;

And all so variously wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought ;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, ' Rejoice ! Rejoice !'

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
 His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
 His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
 And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
 Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
 His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass : give me one kiss :
My own sweet Alice, we must die.
There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth ?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine—
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine—

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
Looks down upon the village spire :
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan ;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy play'd
Before I dream'd that pleasant dream --
Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue ;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watch'd the little circles die ;
They past into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye ;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
That morning, on the casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the ledge :
And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and bright—
Such eyes ! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
That I should die an early death :
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, What ails the boy ?
For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below ;
I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill ;
And 'by that lamp,' I thought, 'she sits !'
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.
'O that I were beside her now !
O will she answer if I call ?
O would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all ?'

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin ;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within ;
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with may,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day ;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one !
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire :
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher ;
And I was young—too young to wed :
‘ Yet must I love her for your sake ;
Go fetch your Alice here,’ she said :
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride :
But, Alice, you were ill at ease ;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well ;
And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see ;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me ;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Ah, well—but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers—that I may seem,
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear :
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet ! which true love spells—
True love interprets—right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth
You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart :
So sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day, when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue Forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget ?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget :
Ah, no ! no !

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine !
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell !
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed : they had their part
Of sorrow : for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before ;
Although the loss had brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee :
But that God bless thee, dear —who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds ;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below :
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

FATIMA.

O LOVE, Love, Love ! O withering might !
O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
Lo, falling from my constant mind,
Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers :
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers :
I roll'd among the tender flowers :
I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth ;
I look'd athwart the burning drouth
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.

O Love, O fire ! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly : from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.

In my dry brain my spirit soon,
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon,
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire ;
And, isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye :
I *will* possess him or will die.
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ŒNONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning : but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.

She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

‘O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :
The grasshopper is silent in the grass :
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops : the golden bee
Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

‘O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown’d snake ! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather’d shape : for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

‘O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine :
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn’d, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call’d me from the cleft :
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin
Droop’d from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster’d about his temples like a God’s :
And his cheek brighten’d as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

‘Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look’d
And listen’d, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

“ My own Œnone,
 Beautiful-brow’d Œnone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrat’
 ‘For the most fair,’ would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows.”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
 And added “ This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom ’twere due :
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice
 Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
 Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 It was the deep midnoon : one silvery cloud
 Had lost his way between the piney sides

Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, “from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honour,” she said, “and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.”

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
“ Which in all action is the end of all ;
Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour
crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven’s Queen, Paris, to thee king-
born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain’d
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm’s-length, so much the thought of power
Flatter’d his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O’erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

‘Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Again she said : “I woo thee not with gifts.
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commeasure perfect freedom.”

‘Here she ceas'd,
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, “O Paris,

Give it to Pallas ! ” but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

‘ O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphroditè beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder : from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o’er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper’d in his ear, “ I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,”
She spoke and laugh’d : I shut my sight for fear :
But when I look’d, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè’s angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower ;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

‘ Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch’d fawning in the weed. Most loving is
she?

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

‘ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster’d the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther’s roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro’ them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin’d folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change ; that I might speak my
mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev’n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
Seal’d it with kisses ? water’d it with tears ?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these !
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live :
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born : her child !—a shudder comes
Across me : never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes !

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe’er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.’

THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race :
She was the fairest in the face :
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell ;
Therefore revenge became me well.
 O the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame :
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
 The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait :
 O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bad him come ;
I won his love, I brought him home.
 The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head :
 O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.

The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.

O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :
I made my dagger sharp and bright.

The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.

O the Earl was fair to see !

TO ——.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

I SEND you here a sort of allegory,
(For you will understand it) of a soul,
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind)
And Knowledge for its beauty ; or if Good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

THE PALACE OF ART.

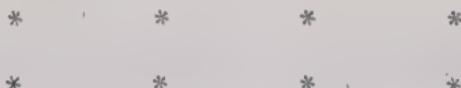
I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, ‘O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well.’

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
The rock rose clear, or winding stair.
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there.

And ‘while the world runs round and round,’ I said,
‘Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring.’

To which my soul made answer readily :
‘ Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me,
So royal-rich and wide.’



Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,
In each a squared lawn, wherfrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branch’d like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
Across the mountain stream’d below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd
 To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
 A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd
 From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon
 My palace with unblinded eyes,
 While this great bow will waver in the sun,
 And that sweet incense rise ?'

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,
 And, while day sank or mounted higher,
 The light aërial gallery, golden-rail'd,
 Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
 Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
 From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced,
 And tipt with frost-like spires.

* * * *

* * * *

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
 That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
 Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,
 Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.

In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there
Not less than truth design'd.

* * * *

* * * *

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily ;
An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise
A group of Houris bow'd to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king
to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
From off her shoulder backward borne :
From one hand droop'd a crocus : one hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone : but every legend fair
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
Not less than life, design'd.

* * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
Moved of themselves, with silver sound ;
And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild ;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled,

And there the Ionian father of the rest ;
A million wrinkles carved his skin ;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings ;
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings ;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declined,
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod : and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne :
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' coloured flame
Two godlike faces gazed below ;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange :

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone ;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five ;

Communing with herself : ‘ All these are mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me.’ She—when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven ; and clapt her hands and cried,
‘ I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,
Be flatter'd to the height.

‘ O all things fair to sate my various eyes !
O shapes and hues that please me well !
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell !

'O God-like isolation which art mine,
 I can but count thee perfect gain,
 What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
 That range on yonder plain.

'In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
 They graze and wallow, breed and sleep ;
 And oft some brainless devil enters in,
 And drives them to the deep.'

Then of the moral instinct would she prate
 And of the rising from the dead,
 As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate ;
 And at the last she said :

'I take possession of man's mind and deed.
 I care not what the sects may brawl.
 I sit as God holding no form of creed,
 But contemplating all.'

* * *

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
 Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
 Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
 And intellectual throne.

And so she threw and prosper'd : so three years
She prosper'd : on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself, again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

'What ! is not this my place of strength,' she said,
'My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory ?'

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes ; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore ; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.

‘No voice,’ she shriek’d in that lone hall,

‘No voice breaks thro’ the stillness of this world :

One deep, deep silence all !’

She, mouldering with the dull earth’s mouldering
sod,

Inwapt tenfold in slothful shame,

Lay there exiled from eternal God,

Lost to her place and name ;

And death and life she hated equally,

And nothing saw, for her despair,

But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,

No comfort anywhere ;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,

And ever worse with growing time,

And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,

And all alone in crime :

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round

With blackness as a solid wall,

Far off she seem’d to hear the dully sound

Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea ;

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts ; then thinketh, ‘I have found
A new land, but I die.’

She howl’d aloud, ‘I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die ?’

So when four years were wholly finished
She threw her royal robes away.
‘Make me a cottage in the vale,’ she said,
‘Where I may mourn and pray.

‘Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built :
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.’

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown :
You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired :
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
 You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
 To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
 And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers :
The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear;

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year;

Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest
day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so
bright as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never
wake,

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to
break :

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-
tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
yesterday,
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in
white,

And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of
light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they
say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never
be:

They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that
to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
livelong day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance
and play,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear,

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad
New-year :

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest
day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my
peace of mind ;

And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall
never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a
merry day ;

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May ;

And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on
the pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on
high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer
o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of
mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the
hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world
is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow
cool

On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush
in the pool.

{

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when
you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me
now;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I
go;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be
wild,

You should not fret for me, mother, you have another
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;

Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor :

Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set

About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the
lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's
here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that
cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be
done !

But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words
of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet
me there !

O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my
bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the
sin.

Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will
let me in :

Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could
be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and
morning meet :

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in
mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels
call ;

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was
over all ;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, ‘It's not for them : it's mine.’

And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,

Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I
know

The blessed music went that way my soul will have
to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him
happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell— I might have been his
wife ;

But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire
of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a
glow ;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I
know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light
may shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day
is done

The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the
sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make
we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home--
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie
come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

COURAGE !' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West : thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seem'd the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more ;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG.

I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?

All things have rest : why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm !'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-stEEP'D at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day,

To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change :
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile :
"Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,

Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
'To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine--
'To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
The Loto's blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
 fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
 hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
 lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world :

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
 deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
 song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
 soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'The Legend of Good Women,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clang ing hoofs ;
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries ;
And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces ;

Corpses across the threshold ; heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall ;
Lances in ambush set ;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire ;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher ;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town ;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and
brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood : fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the stedfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest
green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill ;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
'Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time.'

. At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there ;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech : she turning on my face
'The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty : ask thou not my name :
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady : in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answer'd free ; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws ;
'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse :
This woman was the cause.'

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years :
My father held his hand upon his face ;
I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.'

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore ;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;
Touch'd ; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow :

‘ I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl’d by the wind, had roll’d me deep below,
Then when I left my home.’

Her slow full words sank thro’ the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea :
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, ‘ Come here,
That I may look on thee.’

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll’d ;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :
‘ I govern’d men by change, and so I sway’d
All moods. ’Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

‘ The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood :
That makes my only woe.

‘Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony ?

‘The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune’s neck : we sat as God by God :
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

‘We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which out-burn’d Canopus. O my life
In Egypt ! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

And the wild kiss, when fresh from war’s alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die !

‘And there he died : and when I heard my name
Sigh’d forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other : with a worm I balk’d his fame.
What else was left ? look here !’

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite.)

'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever!—lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts:
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn.

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.'

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams
divine :
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth : ‘Heaven heads the count of
crimes)
With that wild oath.’ She render’d answer high :
' Not so, nor once alone ; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

‘Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

‘ My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,
Lower’d softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

‘ And I went mourning, “ No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers ”—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

' Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

' The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

' Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

' When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire !

' It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will ;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

'Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :
'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

'Alas ! alas !' a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me : 'Turn and look on me :
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !
O me, that I should ever see the light !
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :
To whom the Egyptian : ‘O, you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia’s waist, and thrust
The dagger thro’ her side.’

With that sharp sound the white dawn’s creeping beams,
Stol’n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden’d on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp’d in her last trance
Her murder’d father’s head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France ;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o’er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well :
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine ; the range of lawn and park :
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry :
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young :

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning ! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing :
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die ;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my
friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro :
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.

Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :

What is it we can do for you ?

Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.

Alack ! our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :

Step from the corpse, and let him in

That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend,

A new face at the door.

TO J. S.

THE wind, that beats the mountain, blows
More softly round the open wold,
And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,
Or else I had not dared to flow
In these words toward you, and invade
Even with a verse your holy woe.

"Tis strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost :
Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us ; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thronged
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas !
In grief I am not all unlearn'd ;
Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass ;
One went, who never hath return'd.

He will not smile—not speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer ; for this star
Rose with you thro' a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wander'd far
Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother : his mute dust
I honour and his living worth :
A man more pure and bold and just
Was never born into the earth.

I have not look'd upon you nigh,
Since that dear soul hath fall'n asleep.
Great Nature is more wise than I :
I will not tell you not to weep.

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew,
Drawn from the spirit thro' the brain,
I will not even preach to you,
'Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain.'

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done—to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, 'God's ordinance
Of Death is blown in every wind ;'
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace ! Memory standing near
Cast down her eyes, and in her throat
Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,
How *should* I soothe you anyway,
Who miss the brother of your youth?
Yet something I did wish to say :

For he too was a friend to me :
Both are my friends, and my true breast
Bleedeth for both ; yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace :
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

ON A MOURNER.

I.

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place ;

II.

Fills out the homely quickset-screens,
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where humm'd the dropping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe ;

III.

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, ‘ Beat quicker, for the time
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime
Put forth and feel a gladder clime.’

IV.

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronger choice,
Till all thy life one way incline
With one wide Will that closes thine.

V.

And when the zoning eve has died
Where yon dark valleys wind forlorn,
Come Hope and Memory, spouse and bride,
From out the borders of the morn,
With that fair child betwixt them born.

VI.

And when no mortal motion jars
The blackness round the tombing sod,
Thro' silence and the trembling stars
Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod,
And Virtue, like a household god

VII.

Promising empire; such as those
Once heard at dead of night to greet
Troy's wandering prince, so that he rose
With sacrifice, while all the fleet
Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will ;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent :

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute ;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;
 But let her herald, Reverence, fly
 Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
 Cut Prejudice against the grain :
 But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
 Of pension, neither count on praise :
 It grows to guerdon after-days :
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch :

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
 Not master'd by some modern term ;
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
 With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
 Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school ;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head ;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood ;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes :
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead ;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.

O THOU, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee !

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood !

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base !

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
 Her rags scarce held together ;
There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
 He utter'd rhyme and reason,
'Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
 It is a stormy season.'

She caught the white goose by the leg,
 A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
 With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
 And ran to tell her neighbours ;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
 And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied ;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder :
But ah ! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

‘A quinsy choke thy cursed note !’
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
‘Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer.’

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning ;
'So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning.'

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder :

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, 'The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger !'

ENGLISH IDYLS.

THE EPIC.

AT Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve,—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd : and there we held a talk,
How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this ; till I, tired out
With cutting eights that day upon the pond,
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
Fell in a doze ; and half-awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the church-commissioners,
Now hawking at Geology and schism ;

Until I woke, and found him settled down
Upon the general decay of faith
Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,
And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,
To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'
'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
At college: but another which you had,
I mean of verse (for so we held it then),
What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he
burnt

His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books'—
And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,
He thought that nothing new was said, or else
Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day:
God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask.
It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
'Why take the style of those heroic times?
For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
Nor we those times; and why should any man
Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt.' 'But I,'
Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh from this hearth
And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.'

I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes.'
He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a horse
That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears ;
For I remember'd Everard's college fame
When we were Freshmen : then at my request
He brought it ; and the poet little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music, and to this result.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep--the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
' It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
' Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
' I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
' Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fēalty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

' And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
' Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldest betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. 'The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in anarch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
'My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, ‘ Place me in the barge,’
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne- -were parch'd with dust ;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
' The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the huli
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

HERE ended Hall, and our last light, that long
Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell :
At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound,
And waked with silence, grunted 'Good !' but we
Sat rapt : it was the tone with which he read --
Perhaps some modern touches here and there
Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness --
Or else we loved the man, and prized his work ;
I know not : but we sitting, as I said,
The cock crew loud ; as at that time of year
The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn :
Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
'There now--that's nothing !' drew a little back,
And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue :
And so to bed ; where yet in sleep I seem'd
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point ; till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port ; and all the people cried,

‘Arthur is come again : he cannot die.’
Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated—‘Come again, and thrice as fair ;’
And, further inland, voices echo’d—‘Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.’
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas-morn.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER ;

OR, THE PICTURES.

'THIS morning is the morning of the day,
When I and Eustace from the city went
To see the Gardener's Daughter ; I and he,
Brothers in Art ; a friendship so complete
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules ;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired
A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little ;—Juliet, she
So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she
To me myself, for some three careless moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart

Unto the shores of nothing ! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life ? but Eustace painted her,
And said to me, she sitting with us then,
'When will *you* paint like this ?' and I replied,
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)
'Tis not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March.'
And Juliet answer'd laughing, 'Go and see
The Gardener's daughter : trust me, after that,
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece.'
And up we rose, and on the spur we went.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,

Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

In that still place she, hoarded in herself,
Grew, seldom seen ; not less among us lived
Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter ? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot ? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

And if I said that Fancy, led by Love,
Would play with flying forms and images,
Yet this is also true, that, long before
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul ;

And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

And sure this orbit of the memory folds
For ever in itself the day we went
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward : but all else of heaven was pure
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel. And now,
As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills ;

The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm ;
The redcap whistled ; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,
' Hear how the bushes echo ! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they
sing

Like poets, from the vanity of song ?
Or have they any sense of why they sing ?
And would they praise the heavens for what they
have ?'
And I made answer, ' Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise.'

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my
thought,
And on we went ; but ere an hour had pass'd,
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North ;
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet hedge ;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned ;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.

The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
The garden-glasses glanced, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

‘Eustace,’ I said, ‘this wonder keeps the house.’
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, ‘Look ! look !’ Before he ceased I
turn’d,
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there.

For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night’s gale had
caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gown’d in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour’d on one side : the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
But, ere it touch’d a foot, that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix’d with shadows of the common ground !
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn’d

Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

So rapt, we near'd the house ; but she, a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turn'd
Into the world without ; till close at hand,
And almost ere I knew mine own intent,
This murmur broke the stillness of that air
Which brooded round about her :

‘ Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine.’

She look'd : but all
Suffused with blushes—neither self-possess'd
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,
And dropt the branch she held, and turning, wound
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came,
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,
And moved away, and left me, statue-like,
In act to render thanks.

I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd there
Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk.

So home we went, and all the livelong way
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.
'Now,' said he, 'will you climb the top of Art.
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim
The Titanic Flora. Will you match
My Juliet? you, not you,—the Master, Love,
A more ideal Artist he than all.'

So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving—such a noise of life
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.
And all that night I heard the watchman peal
The sliding season : all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.
'The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,

Distilling odours on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor
storm

Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.
Light pretexts drew me ; sometimes a Dutch love
For tulips ; then for roses, moss or musk,
To grace my city rooms ; or fruits and cream
Served in the weeping elm ; and more and more
A word could bring the colour to my cheek ;
A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew ;
Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.

The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd ;
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade ;
And each in passing touch'd with some new
grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,
Like one that never can be wholly known,
Her beauty grew ; till Autumn brought an hour
For Eustace, when I heard his deep 'I will,'
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds : but I rose up

Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd
The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.

There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded ; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both ; and over many a range
Of wan'ning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows : from them clash'd
The bells ; we listen'd ; with the time we play'd,
We spoke of other things ; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.

Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved ;
And in that time and place she answer'd me,
And in the compass of three little words,
More musical than ever came in one,
The silver fragments of a broken voice,
Made me most happy, faltering, 'I am thine.'

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
Merged in completion? Would you learn at full
How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades
Beyond all grades develop'd? and indeed
I had not staid so long to tell you all,
But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,
Holding the folded annals of my youth;
And while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake, 'Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those, who setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal-chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.' Here, then, my words have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells—
Of that which came between, more sweet than each,
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
Of difference, reconciliation, pledges given,
And vows, where there was never need of vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale

Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars ;
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows ; or as once we met
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

But this whole hour your eyes have been intent
On that veil'd picture—veil'd, for what it holds
May not be dwelt on by the common day.
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy soul ;
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes : the time
Is come to raise the veil.

Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love ; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas !
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, ' My son :
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die :
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter : he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he 'died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,

For many years.' But William answer'd short ;
'I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :
'You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.'
But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said : ' My girl, I love you well ;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
' It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !'

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

' I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you :
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound

That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not ; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said : ‘Where were you yesterday ?
Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ?’
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, ‘This is William's child !’
‘And did I not,’ said Allan, ‘did I not
Forbid you, Dora?’ Dora said again :
‘Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !’
And Allan said, ‘I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you !
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared

To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
But go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, ' My uncle took the boy ;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
He says that he will never see me more.'
Then answer'd Mary, ' This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
And I will beg of him to take thee back :

But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.'

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him : and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in : but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said :

'O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child ; but now I come
For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife : but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
“God bless him !” he said, “and may he never know

The troubles I have gone thro'!" Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—

'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd
my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.'

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundredfold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

AUDLEY COURT.

'THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd, and not a room
For love or money. Let us picnic there
At Audley Court.'

I spoke, while Audley feast
Humm'd like a hive all round the narrow quay,
To Francis, with a basket on his arm,
To Francis just alighted from the boat,
And breathing of the sea. 'With all my heart,'
Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd thro' the swarm,
And rounded by the stillness of the beach
To where the bay runs up its latest horn.

We left the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd
The flat red granite ; so by many a sweep
Of meadow smooth from aftermath we reach'd
The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd thro' all
The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores,
And cross'd the garden to the gardener's lodge,
With all its casements bedded, and its walls
And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine.

There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid
A damask napkin wrought with horse and hound,
Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,
And, half-cut-down, a pasty costly-made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
Imbedded and injellied ; last, with these,
A flask of cider from his father's vats,
Prime, which I knew ; and so we sat and eat
And talk'd old matters over ; who was dead,
Who married, who was like to be, and how
The races went, and who would rent the hall :
Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was
This season ; glancing thence, discuss'd the farm,
The four-field system, and the price of grain ;
And struck upon the corn-laws, where we split,
And came again together on the king
With heated faces ; till he laugh'd aloud ;
And, while the blackbird on the pippin hung
To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and sang—

‘Oh ! who would fight and march and countermarch,
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,
And shovell'd up into some bloody trench
Where no one knows ? but let me live my life.

‘Oh ! who would cast and balance at a desk,
Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,

Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints
Are full of chalk? but let me live my life.

‘Who’d serve the state? for if I carved my name
Upon the cliffs that guard my native land,
I might as well have traced it in the sands;
The sea wastes all: but let me live my life.

‘Oh! who would love? I woo’d a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turn’d from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sea; but let me live my life.’

He sang his song, and I replied with mine:
I found it in a volume, all of songs,
Knock’d down to me, when old Sir Robert’s pride,
His books—the more the pity, so I said—
Came to the hammer here in March—and this—
I set the words, and added names I knew.

‘Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me:
Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister’s arm,
And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine.

‘Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia’s arm;
Emilia, fairer than all else but thou,
For thou art fairer than all else that is.

‘Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast:
Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip:
I go to-night: I come to-morrow morn.

‘I go, but I return : I would I were
The pilot of the darkness and the dream.
Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me.’

So sang we each to either, Francis Hale,
The farmer’s son, who lived across the bay,
My friend ; and I, that having wherewithal,
And in the fallow leisure of my life
A rolling stone of here and everywhere,
Did what I would ; but ere the night we rose
And saunter’d home beneath a moon, that, just
In crescent, dimly rain’d about the leaf
Twilights of airy silver, till we reach’d
The limit of the hills ; and as we sank
From rock to rock upon the glooming quay,
The town was hush’d beneath us : lower down
The bay was oily calm ; the harbour-buoy,
Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm,
With one green sparkle ever and anon
Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart.

WALKING TO THE MAIL.

John. I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows
look

Above the river, and, but a month ago,
The whole hill-side was redder than a fox.
Is yon plantation where this byway joins
The turnpike ?

James. Yes.

John. And when does this come by ?

James. The mail ? At one o'clock.

John. What is it now ?

James. A quarter to.

John. Whose house is that I see ?
No, not the County Member's with the vane :
Up higher with the yew-tree by it, and half
A score of gables.

James. That ? Sir Edward Head's :
But he's abroad : the place is to be sold.

John. Oh, his. He was not broken.

James. No, sir, he,
Vex'd with a morbid devil in his blood

That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face
From all men, and commerced with himself,
He lost the sense that handles daily life--
That keeps us all in order more or less--
And sick of home went overseas for change.

John. And whither?

James. Nay, who knows? he's here and there.
But let him go; his devil goes with him,
As well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes.

John. What's that?

James. You saw the man—on Monday, was it?—
There by the humpback'd willow; half stands up
And bristles; half has fall'n and made a bridge;
And there he caught the younker tickling trout—
Caught *in flagrante*—what's the Latin word?—
Delicto: but his house, for so they say,
Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that shook
The curtains, whined in lobbies, tapt at doors,
And rummaged like a rat: no servant stay'd:
The farmer vext packs up his beds and chairs,
And all his household stuff; and with his boy
Betwixt his knees, his wife upon the tilt,
Sets out, and meets a friend who hails him, ‘What!
You're flitting?’ ‘Yes, we're flitting,’ says the ghost
(For they had pack'd the thing among the beds,)
‘Oh well,’ says he, ‘you flitting with us too—
Jack, turn the horses' heads and home again.’

John. He left his wife behind ; for so I heard.

James. He left her, yes. I met my lady once :
A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.

John. Oh yet but I remember, ten years back—
'Tis now at least ten years—and then she was—
You could not light upon a sweeter thing :
A body slight and round, and like a pear
In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin
As clean and white as privet when it flowers.

James. Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that
loved
At first like dove and dove were cat and dog.
She was the daughter of a cottager,
Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,
New things and old, himself and her, she sour'd
To what she is : a nature never kind !
Like men, like manners : like breeds like, they
say :

Kind nature is the best : those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand ;
Which are indeed the manners of the great.

John. But I had heard it was this bill that past,
And fear of change at home, that drove him hence.

James. That was the last drop in the cup of gall.
I once was near him, when his bailiff brought
A Chartist pike. You should have seen him wince

As from a venomous thing : he thought himself
A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a cry
Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes
Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs
Sweat on his blazon'd chairs ; but, sir, you know
That these two parties still divide the world—
Of those that want, and those that have : and still
The same old sore breaks out from age to age
With much the same result. Now I myself,
A Tory to the quick, was as a boy
Destructive, when I had not what I would.
I was at school—a college in the South :
There lived a flayflint near ; we stole his fruit,
His hens, his eggs ; but there was law for *us* ;
We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She,
With meditative grunts of much content,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower
From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she loved
As one by one we took them—but for this—
As never sow was higher in this world—
Might have been happy : but what lot is pure ?
We took them all, till she was left alone

Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

John. They found you out?

James. Not they.

John. Well—after all—

What know we of the secret of a man?

His nerves were wrong. What ails us, who are sound,
That we should mimic this raw fool the world,
Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites,
As ruthless as a baby with a worm,
As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows
To Pity—more from ignorance than will.

But put your best foot forward, or I fear
That we shall miss the mail: and here it comes
With five at top: as quaint a four-in-hand
As you shall see—three pyebalds and a roan.

EDWIN MORRIS;

OR, THE LAKE.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake,
My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year,
My one Oasis in the dust and drouth
Of city life ! I was a sketcher then :
See here, my doing : curves of mountain, bridge,
Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built
When men knew how to build, upon a rock
With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock :
And here, new-comers in an ancient hold,
New-comers from the Mersey, millionaires,
Here lived the Hills—a Tudor-chimnied bulk
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake
With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull
The curate ; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,
Long learned names of agaric, moss and fern,
Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,
Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,
Who read me rhymes elaborately good,
His own—I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd
All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

And once I ask'd him of his early life,
And his first passion ; and he answer'd me ;
And well his words became him : was he not
A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence
Stored from all flowers ? Poet-like he spoke.

‘ My love for Nature is as old as I ;
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,
And three rich sennights more, my love for her.
My love for Nature and my love for her,
Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew,
Twin-sisters differently beautiful.
To some full music rose and sank the sun,
And some full music seem'd to move and change
With all the varied changes of the dark,
And either twilight and the day between ;
For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again
Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe.’

Or this or something like to this he spoke.
Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull,

‘I take it, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,
And keeps us tight ; but these unreal ways
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
I say, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.’

‘Parson,’ said I, ‘you pitch the pipe too low :
But I have sudden touches, and can run
My faith beyond my practice into his :
Tho’ if, in dancing after Letty Hill,
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,
I scarce have other music : yet say on.
What should one give to light on such a dream ?’
I ask’d him half-sardonically.

‘Give ?
Give all thou art,’ he answer’d, and a light
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek ;
‘I would have hid her needle in my heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch
No deeper than the skin : my ears could hear

Her lightest breath ; her least remark was worth
The experience of the wise. I went and came ;
Her voice fled always thro' the summer land ;
I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days !
The flower of each, those moments when we met,
The crown of all, we met to part no more.'

Were not his words delicious, I a beast
To take them as I did ? but something jarr'd ;
Whether he spoke too largely ; that there seem'd
A touch of something false, some self-conceit,
Or over-smoothness : howsoe'er it was,
He scarcely hit my humour, and I said :

' Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone
Of all men happy. Shall not Love to me,
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left ?
But you can talk : yours is a kindly vein :
I have, I think,—Heaven knows—as much
within ;
Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,
That like a purple beech among the greens
Looks out of place : 'tis from no want in her :
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,
Or something of a wayward modern mind
Dissecting passion. Time will set me right.'

So spoke I knowing not the things that were.
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull :
'God made the woman for the use of man,
And for the good and increase of the world.'
And I and Edwin laughed ; and now we
paused

About the windings of the marge to hear
The soft wind blowing over meadowy holms
And alders, garden-isles ; and now we left
The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran
By rippy shallows of the lisping lake,
Delighted with the freshness and the sound.

But, when the bracken rusted on their crags,
My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by him
That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk,
The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles.
'Tis true, we met ; one hour I had, no more :
She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous suit*,
The close, 'Your Letty, only yours ;' and this
Thrice underscored. The friendly mist of morn
Clung to the lake. I boated over, ran
My craft aground, and heard with beating heart
The Sweet-Gale rustle round the shelving keel ;
And out I stept, and up I crept : she moved,
Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers :
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice ; and she,

She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swore faith, I
breathed

In some new planet: a silent cousin stole
Upon us and departed: 'Leave,' she cried,
'O leave me!' 'Never, dearest, never: here
I brave the worst:' and while we stood like fools
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs
And poodles yell'd within, and out they came
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles. 'What, with
him!'

Go' (shrill'd the cotton-spinning chorus); 'him!'
I choked. Again they shriek'd the burthen—'Him!'
Again with hands of wild rejection 'Go!—
Girl, get you in!' She went—and in one month
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
To lands in Kent and messuages in York,
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker. But for me,
They set an ancient creditor to work:
It seems I broke a close with force and arms:
There came a mystic token from the king
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!
I read, and fled by night, and flying turn'd:
Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below:
I turn'd once more, close-button'd to the storm;
So left the place, left Edwin, nor have seen
Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear.

Nor cared to hear ? perhaps : yet long ago
I have pardon'd little Letty ; not indeed,
It may be, for her own dear sake but this,
She seems a part of those fresh days to me ;
For in the dust and drouth of London life
She moves among my visions of the lake,
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then
While the gold-lily blows, and overhead
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and
cramps,
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and
snow ;

And I had hoped that ere this period closed
Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,
Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.

O take the meaning, Lord : I do not breathe,
Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.
Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this, were still
Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear,
Than were those lead-like tons of sin that crush'd
My spirit flat before thee.

O Lord, Lord,
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,
For I was strong and hale of body then ;
And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt away,
Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard
Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the moon,
I drown'd the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me, as I sang.
Now am I feeble grown ; my end draws nigh ;
I hope my end draws nigh : half deaf I am,
So that I scarce can hear the people hum
About the column's base, and almost blind,
And scarce can recognise the fields I know ;
And both my thighs are rotted with the dew ;
Yet cease I not to clamour and to cry,

While my stiff spine can hold my weary head,
Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone,
Have mercy, mercy : take away my sin.

O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my soul,
Who may be saved? who is it may be saved?
Who may be made a saint, if I fail here?
Show me the man hath suffer'd more than I.
For did not all thy martyrs die one death?
For either they were stoned, or crucified,
Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or sawn
In twain beneath the ribs ; but I die here
To-day, and whole years long, a life of death.
Bear witness, if I could have found a way
(And heedfully I sifted all my thought)
More slowly-painful to subdue this home
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,
I had not stinted practice, O my God.

For not alone this pillar-punishment,
Not this alone I bore : but while I lived
In the white convent down the valley there,
For many weeks about my loins I wore
The rope that haled the buckets from the well,
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose ;
And spake not of it to a single soul,
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,

Betray'd my secret penance, so that all
My brethren marvell'd greatly. More than this
I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all.

Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
I lived up there on yonder mountain side.
My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones ;
Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice
Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes
Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not,
Except the spare chance-gift of those that came
To touch my body and be heal'd, and live :
And they say then that I work'd miracles,
Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind,
Cured lameness, palsies, cancers. Thou, O God,
Knowest alone whether this was or no.
Have mercy, mercy ! cover all my sin.

Then, that I might be more alone with thee,
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve ;
And twice three years I crouch'd on one that
rose
Twenty by measure ; last of all, I grew
Twice ten long weary weary years to this,
That numbers forty cubits from the soil.

I think that I have borne as much as this—
Or else I dream—and for so long a time,
If I may measure time by yon slow light,
And this high dial, which my sorrow crowns—
So much—even so.

And yet I know not well,
For that the evil ones come here, and say,
'Fall down, O Simeon : thou hast suffer'd long
For ages and for ages !' then they prate
Of penances I cannot have gone thro',
Perplexing me with lies ; and oft I fall,
Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked.

But yet
Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints ;
Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake : the chill stars sparkle ; I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.
I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back ;
A grazing iron collar grinds my neck :

And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die :
O mercy, mercy ! wash away my sin.

O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am ;
A sinful man, conceived and born in sin :
'Tis their own doing ; this is none of mine ;
Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this,
That here come those that worship me ? Ha ! ha !
They think that I am somewhat. What am I ?
The silly people take me for a saint,
And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers :
And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness here)
Have all in all endured as much, and more
Than many just and holy men, whose names
Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.

Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.
What is it I can have done to merit this ?
I am a sinner viler than you all.
It may be I have wrought some miracles,
And cured some halt and maim'd; but what of
that ?
It may be, no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine ; but what of
that ?
Yet do not rise ; for you may look on me,

And in your looking you may kneel to God.
Speak ! is there any of you halt or maim'd ?
I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance : let him speak his wish

Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are heal'd. Ah, hark ! they
shout

'St. Simeon Stylites.' Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be,
Can I work miracles and not be saved ?
This is not told of any. They were saints.
It cannot be but that I shall be saved ;
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, 'Behold a
saint !'
And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, St. Simeon ! This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath
now
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all
My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons,
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites, among men ; I, Simeon,
The watcher on the column till the end :

I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes ;
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now
From my high nest of penance here proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals I lay,
A vessel full of sin : all hell beneath
Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my sleeve,
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.
I smote them with the cross ; they swarm'd again.
In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd my
chest :

They flapp'd my light out as I read : I saw
Their faces grow between me and my book ;
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine
They burst my prayer. Yet this way was left,
And by this way I 'scaped them. Mortify
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns ;
Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may be, fast
Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly, with slow steps,
With slow, faint steps, and much exceeding pain,
Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still
Sing in mine ears. But yield not me the praise :
God only thro' his bounty hath thought fit,
Among the powers and princes of this world,
To make me an example to mankind,
Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say

But that a time may come—yea, even now,
Now, now, his footsteps smite the threshold stairs
Of life—I say, that time is at the doors
When you may worship me without reproach ;
For I will leave my relics in your land,
And you may carve a shrine about my dust,
And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,
When I am gather'd to the glorious saints.

While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain
Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change,
In passing, with a grosser film made thick
These heavy, horny eyes. The end ! the end !
Surely the end ! What's here ? a shape, a shade,
A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown ? Come, blessed brother, come.
I know thy glittering face. I waited long ;
My brows are ready. What ! deny it now ?
Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch it.
Christ !
'Tis gone : 'tis here again ; the crown ! the crown !
So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,
And from it melt the dews of Paradise,
Sweet ! sweet ! spikenard, and balm, and frankin-
cense.
Ah ! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints : I trust
That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven.

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,
Among you there, and let him presently
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
And climbing up into my airy home,
Deliver me the blessed sacrament ;
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,
A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord,
Aid all this foolish people ; let them take
Example, pattern : lead them to thy light.

APPENDIX.

[On June 6, 1829, the announcement was made that Alfred Tennyson had won the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge for his poem in blank verse on *Timbuctoo*. To win the prize in anything but rhymed heroics was an innovation. His father had desired him to compete, so unwillingly he patched up an old poem on *The Battle of Armageddon*, and came out prizeman. Matthew Arnold told G. L. Craik that when, as a youth, he first read the poem, he prophesied the greatness of Tennyson.—ED.]

TIMBUCTOO.

Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.

CHAPMAN.

I STOOD upon the Mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and above
The silent heavens were blench'd with faery light,
Uncertain whether faery light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth : even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
And much I mused on legends quaint and old
Which whilome won the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air ;
But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame : and thou wert then

A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold :
Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without :
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hands with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.

Where are ye,
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green ?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills ?
Your flowering capes, and your gold-sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds ?
Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfused,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones

In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven ?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was play'd about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world ?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time ?"

A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light !
A rustling of white wings ! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph ! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.

"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise ?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality ;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay :
Open thine eyes and see."

I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,
As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.
A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each,

Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riven rapt brain ; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendant crags ; which lapse
Disjoined, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite round.

I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now,
Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness. Where is he, that borne
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
The fierceness of the bounding element ?

My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of star-lit wings, which burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom ;
Ev'n so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through the trackless fields
Of undefin'd existence far and free.

Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.

Behind

In diamond light upsprung the dazzling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence bore globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the place
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold,
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more ethereal, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,

Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.

With ministering hand he raised me up :
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swollen river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake :

“ There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man : and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable ;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory, of heaven.¹ With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the close kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me : and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known

¹ “ Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.”

A higher than they see : They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo ! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness ; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven
Man's first, last home : and thou with ravish'd sense
Listeneſt the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courſeth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth ;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool impleachèd twilights. Child of man,
Seeſt thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd chrysolite,
Minarets and towers ? Lo ! how he passeth by,
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh city ! oh latest throne ! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home

To keen Discovery : soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand ;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements.
How chang'd from this fair city !”

Thus far the Spirit :

Then parted heaven-ward on the wing : and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark !

THE HESPERIDES

[Published and suppressed by my father, and republished by me here (with accents written by him) in consequence of a talk that I had with him, in which he regretted that he had done away with it from among his "Juvenilia."]

Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.

Comus.

THE North wind fall'n, in the new-starréd night
Zidonian Hanno, wandering beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë,
Past Thymiaterion in calméd bays
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,
Nor melody o' the Libyan Lotus-flute
Blown seaward from the shore ; but from a slope
That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,
Beneath a highland leaning down a weight
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedar-shade,
Came voices like the voices in a dream
Continuous ; till he reach'd the outer sea :—

SONG OF THE THREE SISTERS.

I.

The Golden Apple, the Golden Apple, the hallow'd
fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charméd root.
Round about all is mute,
As the snowfield on the mountain-peaks,
As the sandfield at the mountain-foot.
Crocodiles in briny creeks
Sleep and stir not : all is mute.
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,
We shall lose eternal pleasure,
Worth eternal want of rest.
Laugh not loudly : watch the treasure
Of the wisdom of the West.
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three
(Let it not be preach'd abroad) make an awful mystery :
For the blossom unto threefold music bloweth ;
Evermore it is born anew,
And the sap to threefold music floweth,
From the root,
Drawn in the dark,
Up to the fruit,
Creeping under the fragrant bark,
Liquid góld, hóneysweet thró and thró. (*slow movement*)
Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,
Looking warily
Every way,

Guard the apple night and day,
Lest one from the East come and take it away.

II

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, Watch, watch, ever and
 aye,

Looking under silver hair with a silver eye.

Father, twinkle not thy stedfast sight :

Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die;

Honour comes with mystery;

Hoarded wisdom brings delight.

Number, tell them over, and number

How many the mystic fruit-tr

Lest the red-comb'd dragon slumber.

Roll'd together in purple folds.

Look to him father lest he w

be stol'n away,

For his ancient heart is drunk with overwatchings night
and day

Round about the hallow'd fruit-tree curl'd—

Lest his scaled eyelid drop,

For he is older than the world.

If *hé* waken, *wé* waken,

Rapidly levelling eager eyes.

If *he* sleep, *we* sleep,

Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.

If the golden apple be taken

The world will be overwise.

Five links, a golden chain are we,

Hesper, the Dragon, and Sisters three
Bound about the golden tree.

III.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, Watch, watch, night
and day,

Lest the old wound of the world be healéd,

The glory unsealéd,

The golden apple stol'n away,

And the ancient secret revealéd.

Look from West to East along :

Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is bold and
strong.

Wandering waters unto wandering waters call ;

Let them clash together, foam and fall.

Out of watchings, out of wiles,

Comes the bliss of secret smiles.

All things are not told to all,

Half-round the mantling night is drawn.

Purplefringéd with even and dawn

Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hateth morn.

IV.

Every flower and every fruit the redolent breath

Of the warm seawind ripeneth,

Arching the billow in his sleep :

But the land-wind wandereth,

Broken by the highland steep,

Two streams upon the violet deep.

For the Western Sun, and the Western Star,

And the low west-wind, breathing afar,

The end of day and beginning of night
Make the apple Holy and Bright ;
Holy and Bright, round and full, bright and blest,
 Mellow'd in a land of rest :
 Watch it warily day and night ;
 All good things are in the West.
Till mid-noon the cool East light
Is shut out by the round of the tall hill brow,
But, when the full-faced Sunset yellowly
Stays on the flowering arch of the bough,
The luscious fruitage clustereth mellowly,
 Golden-kernell'd, Golden-cored,
Sunset-ripen'd above on the tree.
The world is wasted with fire and sword,
But the Apple of gold hangs over the Sea !
Five links—a Golden chain are we—
Hesper, the Dragon, and Sisters three,
 Daughters three,
 Bound about,
 All round about
The gnarléd bole of the charméd tree.
The Golden Apple, The Golden Apple, The hallow'd
 fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
 Watch it warily,
 Singing airily,
Standing about the charméd root.

NOTES.

AUTHOR'S PREFATORY NOTES.

I AM told that my young countrymen would like notes to my poems. Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? or am I to try to fix a moral to each poem? or to add an analysis of passages? or to give a history of my similes? I do not like the task.

"Artist first, then Poet" some critic said of me. I should answer, "Poeta nascitur non fit." I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist, and in my earliest teens I wrote an Epic—between 5000 and 6000 verses, chiefly *à la* Scott, and full of battles, dealing too with sea and savage mountain scenery. I used to compose sixty or seventy lines all at once and shout them about the fields as I leapt over the hedges. I never felt so inspired, tho' of course the poem was not worth preserving and into the fire it went.

Knōwledge, shōne, knōll—let him who reads me always read the vowel in these words long.

My paraphrases of certain Latin and Greek lines seem too obvious to be mentioned. Many of the parallelisms here given are accidental. The same idea must often occur independently to two men looking on the same aspects of Nature. There is a wholesome page in Ecker-mann's "Conversations with Goethe," where one or the other (I have not the book by me) remarks that the prosaic mind finds plagiarism in passages that only prove "the common brotherhood of man."—T.

[The following notes were left by my father, some of them in his own handwriting, some of them taken down from his table-talk. He went through the first proofs and corrected them, and sanctioned their revision and publication under my editorship. But he wished it to be clearly understood that in his opinion, to use his own words, "Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours," and that "every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet."

In answer to numerous questions put to me by friends, I have added here and there an additional note in brackets, and I wish especially to thank Mr. H. G. Dakyns and Mr. G. C. Macaulay for some valuable suggestions. To Mr. Aldis Wright I am indebted for most of the MS. notes by Edward FitzGerald.—En.]

There is a wholesome page in 'Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe' where one after the other (I have not the book by me) remarks that the practical mind finds pleasure in pages that only prove "the common brotherhood of men."

I was thinking of Shakespeare's Cleopatra
 "Think of me
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black"
 Millais ~~had~~ made a muleto of her
 in his illustration. I know perfectly well
 that she was a Greek; swarthy merely means
 sun-burnt. I should not have spoken of her
 breast as 'polished silver' if I had not known
 her as a white woman. Read 'sunburnt' if
 you like it better.

NOTES.

p. 1. *To THE QUEEN.* [First published in 1851.—
ED.]

p. 1. lines 7, 8.

*This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base.*

[Wordsworth. On Nov. 19, 1850, my father was appointed Poet Laureate in succession to Wordsworth. See *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 334 foll., and "Reminiscences of Tennyson in Early Days," *Memoir*, vol. i. pp. 208-210.—ED.]

The third verse in proof stood—

Nor should I dare to flatter state,
Nor such a lay would you receive,
Were I to shape it, who believe
Your nature true as you are great.

p. 3. (*JUVENILIA*) *CLARIBEL.* [First published in 1830.—ED.] All these ladies were evolved, like the camel, from my own consciousness. [Isabel was more or less a portrait. See p. 337, note to p. 23, *Isabel*.—ED.]

"Juvenilia" were published in 1830. John Stuart Mill reviewed the volume in the *London Review* (July 1835); Leigh Hunt in the *Tatler*; and Professor Wilson (Christopher North) in *Blackwood*.

p. 4. line 3. *lintwhite*, i.e. linnet.

p. 5. *NOTHING WILL DIE*. [First published in 1830.—ED.] All things are evolved.

p. 7. *ALL THINGS WILL DIE*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 8. line 13.

Nine times goes the passing bell.

Nine times for a man.

p. 9. *LEONINE ELEGIACS*. [First published in 1830.—ED.] Line 10. "hyaline." [Cf. ὡς θάλασσα ναλίνη, "a sea of glass like unto crystal" (Rev. iv. 6), and *Par. Lost*, vii. 619.—ED.]

p. 10. line 2. *The ancient poetess singeth,*

Fέσπερε, πάντα φέρεις, ὅσα φαίνολις ἐσκέδασ' αἴως,
φέρεις διν, φέρεις αἶγα, φέρεις ματέρι παιᾶ.

Sappho.

p. 11. *SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND*. [First published in 1830.—ED.] If some kind friend had taken him by the hand and said, "Come, work"—"Look not every man on his own things, but every

man also on the things of others" (*Philippians ii. 4*)—he might have been a happy man, though sensitive.

- p. 19. *THE KRAKEN*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

See the account which Erik Pontoppidan, the Norwegian bishop, born 1698, gives of the fabulous sea-monster—the kraken (*Biographie Universelle*):

"Ce prodigieux polype dont le dos a une demilieue de circonférence ou plus . . . quelquefois ses bras s'élèvent à la hauteur des mâts d'un navire de moyenne grandeur . . . on croit que s'ils accrochaient le plus gros vaisseau de guerre, ils le feraient couler à fond . . . les îles flottantes ne sont que des krakens."

- p. 21. *LILIAN*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

- p. 23. *ISABEL*. [First published in 1830. In the poem of *Isabel* the poet's mother was more or less described. "A remarkable and saintly woman," "One of the most innocent and tender-hearted ladies I ever saw," wrote Edward FitzGerald. She devoted herself entirely to her husband and her children.—ED.]

- p. 25. *MARIANA*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

The *moated grange* was no particular grange, but one which rose to the music of Shakespeare's words: "There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana" (*Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. i.).

p. 25. line 4. *pear*. Altered from "peach," because "peach" spoils the desolation of the picture. It is not a characteristic of the scenery I had in mind.

p. 26. lines 10-13.

*Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :
The cock sung out an hour ere light :
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her.*

Compare Ballad of Clerk Saunders :

"O Cocks are crowing of merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day,
The psalms of heaven will sure be sung," etc.

[Cf.

At midnight the cock was crowing.

The Ballad of Oriana, p. 73.—ED.]

p. 26. line 24. *marish-mosses*, the little marsh-moss lumps that float on the surface of water.

p. 29. *MARIANA IN THE SOUTH*. [First published in 1832.—ED.] The idea of this came into my head between Narbonne and Perpignan.

[“It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind of pendant to his former poem of *Mariana*, the idea of both being the expression of desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive variety in the second, that it paints the forlorn feeling as it would exist under the influence of different impressions of sense. When we were journeying together this summer through the

South of France we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness, . . . and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful. You will, I think, agree with me that the essential and distinguishing character of the conception requires in the *Southern Mariana* a greater lingering on the outward circumstances, and a less palpable transition of the poet into Mariana's feelings, than was the case in the former poem" (A. H. Hallam to W. B. Donne).—ED.]

p. 32. line 21.

At eve a dry cicada sung.

Originally in MS.

At fall of eve a cricket sung.

p. 34. *To* —. [First published in 1830.—ED.] The first lines were addressed to Blakesley (afterwards Dean of Lincoln), but the poem wandered off to describe an imaginary man.

[Of Blakesley my father said: "He ought to be Lord Chancellor, for he is a subtle and powerful reasoner, and an honest man."—ED.]

p. 34. line 6. *Ray-fringed eyelids.* Cf.

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Lycidas.

p. 35. line 10. *Yabbok.* Jabbok not so sweet as Yabbok. Cf. Gen. xxxii. 22-32. The Hebrew J is Y.

p. 35. line 11.

And heaven's mazed signs stood still.

The stars stood still in their courses to watch.

p. 36. [MADELINe. First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 39. First *SONG TO THE OWL*. [The songs were first published in 1830.—ED.] Verse ii. line 6.
his five wits, the five senses. Cf. “Bless thy five wits! Tom’s a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de” (*King Lear*, iii. iv. 59).

p. 41. *RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*. [First published in 1830.—ED.] Haroun Alraschid lived at the time of Charlemagne, and was renowned for his splendour and his patronage of literary men. I had only the translation—from the French of Galland—of the *Arabian Nights* when this was written, so I talked of sofas, etc. Lane was yet unborn.

p. 41. lines 13, 14.

*The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps.*

Not “drove over,” as one commentator takes it, but the passage means that the deeps were driven before the prow.

p. 42. line 6. *platans*, plane trees. Cf.

The thick-leaved platans of the vale.

The Princess, iii. 159.

p. 43. line 6. *rivage*, bank.

p. 44. line 2. *coverture*. Cf. "the woodbine *coverture*" (*Much Ado about Nothing*, III. i. 30).

p. 44. line 4. *bulbul*, the Persian name for Nightingale. Cf.

"Not for thee," she said,
"O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil."

The Princess, iv. 104.

p. 44. line 18. *counterchanged*, chequered. Cf.

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.

In Memoriam, LXXXIX.

p. 46. line 9. *silvers*, silver candelabra.

p. 46. line 11. *mooned*, crowned with the Mohammedan crescent moon. The crescent is Ottoman, not Arabian, an anachronism pardonable in a boy's vision.

p. 46. line 18. *Persian girl*. The Persian girl "Nour-eddin, the fair Persian," in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

p. 48. *ODE TO MEMORY*. [First published in 1830. My father considered this one of the best of his early and peculiarly concentrated Nature-poems.—ED.]

The *Ode to Memory* is a very early poem; all except the lines beginning "My friend, with you to live alone," which were addressed to Arthur Hallam and added.

p. 48. line 9. *yesternight*, the past.

p. 50. lines 15-21.

*Of purple cliffs, aloof descried :
 Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
 The seven elms, the poplars four
 That stand beside my father's door,
 And chiefly from the brook that loves
 To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
 Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves.*

The rectory at Somersby. The poplars have gone.

[The lawn at Somersby was overshadowed on one side by the wych-elms, and on the other by larch and sycamore trees. Here the poet made his early song, "A spirit haunts the year's last hours." Beyond the path, bounding the greensward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers. Beyond that was

a garden bower'd close
 With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
 Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
 Or opening upon level plots
 Of crowned lilies, standing near
 Purple-spiked lavender—

sloping in a gradual descent to the parson's field, at the foot of which flows, by "lawn and lea," the swift steep-banked brook, where are "brambly wildernesses" and "sweet forget-me-nots," and under the water the "long mosses sway." The charm and beauty of this brook haunted him through life.—ED.]

p. 51. line 4. *wolds*. Somersby is on the wolds or hills, about seven miles from the fens.

[Edward FitzGerald writes: "Long after A. T. had settled in the Isle of Wight, I used to say he never should have left old Lincolnshire, where there were not only such grand seas, but also such fine Hill and Dale among The Wolds, which he was brought up on, as people in general scarce thought of."—ED.]

p. 52. line 9. *Pike*. Cumberland word for Peak.

p. 52. lines 10-12 refer to Mablethorpe.

I used to stand [when a boy] on the sand-built ridge at Mablethorpe and think that it was the spine-bone of the world. The seas there are interminable waves rolling along interminable shores of sand.

[The following lines were written in middle life by my father about Mablethorpe :

MABLETHORPE

Here often when a child I lay reclined :

I took delight in this fair strand and free ;
Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind,

And here the Grecian ships all seem'd to be.
And here again I come, and only find
The drain-cut level of the marshy lea,
Gray sand-banks, and pale sunsets, dreary wind,
Dim shores, dense rains, and heavy-clouded
sea.

ED.]

p. 54. *SONG.* [Written at Somersby ; first published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 54. line 12.

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

On a sloping bed the tiger-lilies drooped
on a dank, damp day.

[In 1828 my father had written the following (hitherto unpublished) poem about his home :

HOME

What shall sever me
From the love of home ?
Shall the weary sea,
Leagues of sounding foam ?
Shall extreme distress,
Shall unknown disgrace,
Make my love the less
For my sweet birth-place ?
Tho' my brains grow dry,
Fancy mew her wings,
And my memory
Forget all other things,—
Tho' I could not tell
My left hand from my right,—
I should know thee well,
Home of my delight ! ED.]

p. 56. *A CHARACTER.* [First published in 1830.—ED.]

This man was “a very plausible, parliament-like, and self-satisfied speaker at the Union Debating Society.”—EDWARD FITZGERALD.

p. 58. *THE POET.* [First published in 1830. —ED.]

p. 58. line 3.

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn.

The poet hates hate ; and scorns scorn.

[My father denounced hate and scorn as if they were “the sins against the Holy Ghost.”
—ED.]

p. 58. line 15. *Calpe.* Gibraltar (one of the pillars of Hercules) was the western limit of the old world, as Caucasus was the eastern.

p. 59. line 3. *the arrow-seeds of the field-flower,* the dandelion.

p. 61. *THE POET'S MIND.* [First published in 1830.
—ED.]

p. 63. *THE SEA-FAIRIES.* [First published in 1830.
—ED.]

p. 65. *THE DESERTED HOUSE* = the body which Life and Thought have left. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 67. *THE DYING SWAN.* [First published in 1830.
—ED.]

p. 67. line 17.

Chasing itself at its own wild will.

The circling of the swallow.

p. 68. line 9. *the coronach,* the Gaelic funeral song.

p. 68. line 21. *soughing.* Anglo-Saxon *sweg*, a sound. Modified into an onomatopœic word for the soft sound or the deep sighing of the wind.

p. 69. *A DIRGE*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 69. line 8. *carketh*, vexeth. [From late Latin *car-care*, to load, whence to *charge*.—ED.]

p. 70. line 9. *eglaterē*, for eglantine. Cf.

“With sicamour was set and eglatere.”

The Floure and the Leafe.

p. 70. line 15. *pleached*, plaited (*plico*). [Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, III. i. 7 :

“the pleached bower,

Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.”

ED.]

p. 70. line 17. *long purples* (*Vicia Cracca*), the purple vetch. Nothing to do with “long purples” (*Hamlet*, IV. vii. 170).

p. 71. line 12. *balm-cricket*, cicala. There is an old school-book used by me when a boy (*Analecta Græca Majora et Minorā*). In the notes there to a poem of Theocritus I found τέττιξ translated “balm-cricket.” “Balm” was evidently a corruption of *Baum*, tree (*Baumgrille*).

[A confusion was evidently made between the German *Baum* and the French *baume*.—ED.]

p. 72. *LOVE AND DEATH*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 72. line 4. *cassia* (Gk. *κασία*, a spice like cinnamon), a kind of laurel.

p. 72. line 8. *sheeny vans*, shining wings. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 927 :

“At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight.”

p. 72. line 13. *eminent*, standing out like a tree.

p. 73. *THE BALLAD OF ORIANA*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 74. line 1.

In the yew-wood black as night.

Lear made a fine sketch of this at Kingley Bottom, near Chichester, which is a striking vale with a yew grove in it. When we saw the yews their blackness was crowned with the wild white clematis.

p. 78. *CIRCUMSTANCE*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 79. *THE MERMAN*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 80. line 15. *Turkis*. Milton calls it “turkis,” for turquoise is the French word with an ugly nasal sound in the *oi* diphthong.

almondine, a small violet garnet, first brought from Alabanda, a city of Asia Minor. Hence “almondine” is a corruption of the Latin adjective *Alabandina*.

p. 81. *THE MERMAID*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

“No more misshapen from the waist,
But like a maid of mortal frame.”

W. SCOTT.

p. 83. line 12. *hollow sphere of the sea*, an underworld of which the sea is the heaven.

p. 84. *ADELINE*. [First published in 1830.—ED.]

p. 86. line 11. *Sabæan*, Arabian.

p. 86. line 20. *Letters cowslips*. Referring to the red spots on the cowslip bell, as if they were letters of a fairy alphabet. Cf. *Cymbeline*, II. ii. 39 :

“like the crimson drops
I’ the bottom of a cowslip.”

p. 87. *MARGARET*. [First published in 1832. All the poems dated 1833 were published at the end of 1832.—ED.]

p. 89. line 21. *leavy*. Cf.

“Since summer first was leavy.”

Much Ado, II. iii. 75.

[*Macbeth*, v. vi. 1; *Pericles*, v. i. 51. Later editions read “leafy.”—ED.]

p. 91. *ROSALIND*. [First published in 1832.—ED.]

p. 94. *ELEÄNORE*. [First published in 1832.—ED.]

p. 99. Verse viii. Cf. Sappho :

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἵπος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν ὄνηρ, ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι
ἰξάνει, καὶ πλασίον ἀδὺ φωνεύ-
σας ὑπακούει

καὶ γελαίσας ἴμερόεν, τό μοι μὰν
καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν·
ώς γὰρ εἰς σ’ ἵδω βραχέως με φώνας
οὐδὲν ἔτ’ εἴκει·

ἀλλὰ καμ μὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε λέπτον δ'
αὐτικα χρῶ πῦρ ὑποδεδρόμακεν,
δππάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὅρημ, ἐπιρρόμ-
βεισι δ' ἄκουαι.

ἀ δέ μ' ἵδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ
πᾶσαν ἄγρει· χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας
ἔμμι· τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδείής
φαίνομαι ἄλλα.

ἀλλὰ πᾶν τόλματον, [ἐπεὶ καὶ πένητα].

p. 101. MY LIFE IS FULL OF WEARY DAYS, and the next poem beginning “When in the darkness over me,” were originally two poems, tho’ one in the edition, dated 1833, published in 1832.

p. 101. WHEN IN THE DARKNESS OVER ME.

p. 102. line 5. scritches. Originally “laughters.” I was one day walking with a friend in a copse, and I heard bird-laughter. I have no eyes, so to speak. He said, “That’s a jay.” It may have been a woodpecker as far as my ears could tell. However, whether he was right in his eyesight or I in my hearing, I did once catch a jay in the act of laughing. I once crept with the greatest caution thro’ a wood and came right underneath a jay. I heard him chuckling to himself; and the afternoon sun was full upon him. I broke by chance a little rotten twig of the tree he was perch’d on, and away he went.

- p. 103. Sonnet I. *To* ——. [First published in 1832.—ED.]
- p. 104. Sonnet II. *To J. M. K.* To my old college friend, J. M. Kemble. [First published in 1830. He gave up his thought of taking Orders, and devoted himself to Anglo-Saxon history and literature.—ED.]
- p. 106. Sonnet IV. *ALEXANDER.* [First published in 1872, although written much earlier.—ED.]
- p. 106. line 8. *Ammonian Oasis.* This refers to Alexander's visit to the famous temple of Zeus Ammon in the Libyan desert.
- p. 107. Sonnet V. *BUONAPARTE.* [First published in 1832.—ED.]
- p. 108. Sonnet VI. *POLAND.* [First published in 1832.—ED.]
- pp. 109-111. Sonnets VII. VIII. IX. [First published in 1865, although written in early life.—ED.]
- p. 112. Sonnet X. [First published in 1832.—ED.]
- p. 113. Sonnet XI. *THE BRIDESMAID.* [First published in 1872. On May 24, 1836, my father's best-loved brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, married Louisa Sellwood, my mother's youngest sister. My mother as a bridesmaid was taken into church by my father. They had rarely been in each other's company since their first meeting in 1830, when the Sellwoods had driven over one spring day from Horncastle to call at Somersby Rectory. Arthur Hallam was then staying with the Tennysons, and

asked Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Holy Well Wood. At a turn of the path they came upon my father, who, at the sight of the slender, beautiful girl of seventeen in her simple grey dress, moving "like a light across these woodland ways," suddenly said to her, "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" Now, as a bridesmaid, she seemed to him even lovelier.

O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride.

Two other early sonnets are worthy of insertion here :

LOVE

I

Thou, from the first, unborn, undying Love,
Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,
Before the face of God didst breathe and move,
Though night and pain and ruin and death
reign here.

Thou foldest like a golden atmosphere,
The very throne of the eternal God ;
Passing thro' thee, the edicts of His fear
Are mellow'd into music, borne abroad
By the loud winds, though they uprend the sea,
Even from his centred deeps ; thine empery
Is over all ; thou wilt not brook eclipse ;
Thou goest and returnest to His Lips
Like lightning ; thou dost ever brood above
The silence of all hearts, unutterable Love.

II

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age
 Is but to know thee ; dimly we behold thee
 Athwart the veils of evil which enfold thee.
 We beat upon our aching hearts with rage ;
 We cry for thee ; we deem the world thy tomb.
 As dwellers in lone planets look upon
 The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
 Hollow'd in awful chasms of wheeling gloom,
 Making their day dim, so we gaze on thee.
 Come, thou of many crowns, white-robèd Love,
 O rend the veil in twain ! all men adore thee ;
 Heaven crieth after thee ; earth waileth for
 thee ;
 Breathe on thy wingèd throne, and it shall
 move
 In music and in light o'er land and sea.

ED.]

p. 114. *THE LADY OF SHALOTT.* [First published in 1832, and much altered in 1842.—ED.] Taken from an Italian novelette, *Donna di Scalotta*. Shalott and Astolat are the same words. The Lady of Shalott is evidently the Elaine of the *Morte d'Arthur*, but I do not think that I had ever heard of the latter when I wrote the former. Shalott was a softer sound than “Scalott.” Stalott would have been nearer Astolat.

p. 114. line 5. *Camelot* (unlike the Camelot of the Celtic legends) is on the sea in the Italian story.

[The key to this tale of magic symbolism is of deep human significance and is to be found in the lines :

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
“I am half sick of shadows,” said
The Lady of Shalott.

ED.]

p. 115. line 12. *cheerly*. Cf. “cheerly drawing breath” (*Rich. II.* I. iii. 66).

p. 120. line 12.

Till her blood was frozen slowly.

George Eliot liked my first the best :
Till her smooth face sharpen’d slowly.

p. 122. *THE TWO VOICES.*

[*The Two Voices*, or *Thoughts of a Suicide* (first published in 1844, but dated 1833), describing the conflict in a soul between Faith and Scepticism, was begun under the cloud of his overwhelming sorrow after the death of Arthur Hallam, which, as my father told me, for a while blotted out all joy from his life, and made him long for death. But such a friendship and such a loss helped to reveal himself to himself while he enshrined his sorrow in his song.

In the earliest manuscript of *The Two Voices* a fine verse which was omitted in the published edition is found after “under earth” (p. 138, line 3) :

From when his baby pulses beat
 To when his hands in their last heat
 Pick at the death-mote on the sheet.

ED.]

p. 124. line 3. *for thy deficiency*, for the want of thee.

p. 131. line 9.

Look up, the fold is on her brow.

The fold = the cloud.

p. 131. line 10. *oblique*. Our grandfathers said “ob-
 leege,” which is now *oblige*; in the same way
 I pronounce “oblique” *oblique*.

p. 131. line 12. *Embracing cloud*. Ixion embraced a
 cloud, hoping to embrace a goddess.

p. 133. line 3.

The elements were kindlier mix'd.

Some have happier dispositions.

p. 135. line 10.

The simple senses crown'd his head.

The simple senses made death a king.

p. 137. lines 16, 17.

*Before the little ducts began
 To feed thy bones with lime.*

[Cf. *Animal Physiology*, by W. B. Carpenter :

“In the first development of the embryo, a sort
 of mould of cartilage is laid down for the
 greater part of the bones. . . . The process of
 ossification, or bone-formation, commences
 with the deposit of calcareous matter in the

intercellular substance of the cartilage, so as to form a sort of network, in the interspaces of which are seen the remains of the cartilage-cells. The tissue thus formed can scarcely be considered as true bone, for it contains neither *lacunæ* nor *canaliculi*. Before long, however, it undergoes very important changes; for many of the partitions are removed, so that the minute chambers which they separated coalesce into larger ones; and thus are formed the *cancelli* of the spongy substance, and the Haversian canals of the more compact."—ED.]

p. 143. line 18.

You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

[Edward FitzGerald says: "Composed as he walked about the Dulwich meadows."—ED.]

p. 145. *THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.* [First published in 1832; much altered in 1842.—ED.] No particular mill, but if I thought at all of any mill it was that of Trumpington, near Cambridge.

[FitzGerald notes: "This Poem, as may be seen, is much altered and enlarged from the 1st Ed. (dated) 1833; in some respects, I think, not for the better; losing somewhat of the easy character of 'Talk over the Walnuts and the Wine.' Anyhow, would one not preserve the first stanza of the original, slightly altered, as A. T. suggested to me?]

I met in all the close green ways,
 While walking with my rod and line,
 The Miller with his mealy face,
 And long'd to take his hand in mine.
 He look'd so jolly and so good,
 When fishing in the milldam-water,
 I laugh'd to see him as he stood,
 And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.]

ED.]

p. 147. lines 20, 21.

*Below the chestnuts, when their buds
 Were glistening to the breezy blue.*

First reading :

Beneath those gummy chestnut buds
 That glistened in the April blue.

p. 149. Verse omitted after line 24 :

That slope beneath the chestnut tall
 Is woo'd with choicest breaths of air ;
 Methinks that I could tell you all
 The cowslips and the kingcups there,
 Each coltsfoot down the grassy bent
 Whose round leaves hold the gather'd
 shower,
 Each quaintly-folded cuckoo-pint
 And silver-paly cuckoo flower.

[Cuckoo-pint, or Lords and Ladies, *Arum maculatum*. Cuckoo-flower, *Cardamine pratensis*.—ED.]

p. 151. [Spedding writes in the *Edinburgh* for April 1843:

"‘The Miller’s Daughter’ is much enriched by the introduction of the mother of the lover; and the following beautiful stanzas (which many people, however, will be ill satisfied to miss) are displaced to make room for beauty of a much higher order:

Remember you the clear moonlight
That whiten’d all the eastern ridge,
When o'er the water dancing white
I stepp’d upon the old mill bridge?
I heard you whisper from above,
A lute-toned whisper, ‘I am here!’
I murmur’d ‘Speak again, my love,
The stream is loud : I cannot hear !’

I heard, as I have seem’d to hear,
When all the under-air was still,
The low voice of the glad New Year
Call to the freshly-flower’d hill.
I heard, as I have often heard,
The nightingale in leavy woods
Call to its mate when nothing stirr’d
To left or right but falling floods.

"These, we observe, are away; and the following graceful and tender picture, full of the spirit of English rural life, appears in their place. (The late squire’s son, we should presume, is bent on marrying the daughter of the wealthy miller):

And slowly was my mother brought

* * * *

Approaching, press'd you heart to heart."

ED.]

p. 156. *FATIMA.* [Published in 1832, to which this quotation from Sappho was prefixed:

*φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἵσος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν ὄνηρο.*

ED.]

p. 158. *ŒNONE.* Married to Paris, and afterwards deserted by him for Helen. The sequel of the tale is poorly given in Quintus Calaber.

[See *The Death of Œnone*, vol. ix. p. 288. My father visited the Pyrenees with Arthur Hallam in 1830. From this time forward the lonely Pyrenean peaks, the mountains with "their streaks of virgin snow," like the Maladetta, mountain "lawns and meadow-ledges midway down," and the "long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine," were a continual source of inspiration. He wrote part of *Œnone* in the valley of Cauteretz. His sojourn there was also commemorated one-and-thirty years afterward in "All along the valley." *Œnone* was first published in 1832, but was republished in 1842 with considerable alterations.—ED.]

I had an idiotic hatred of hyphens in those days, but though I printed such words as "glénriver," "téndriltwine" I always gave them

in reading their full two accents. Coleridge thought because of these hyphened words that I could not scan. He said that I ought to write in a regular metre in order that I might learn what metre was—not knowing that in earliest youth I had written hundreds of lines in the regular Popian measure. I remember my father (who was himself something of a poet and wrote very regular metre) saying to me when in my early teens, “Don’t write always such exact metre—break it now and then to avoid monotony.” I now think that we want two forms of hyphen, e.g. “Paper hanging Manufacturer” is a “Manufacturer made of paper and hung in effigy.” Paper-hanging=Manufacturer. “Invalid Chairmaker” is a sick maker of chairs. Invalid-chair=maker.

p. 158. line 1. *Ida*. On the south of Troas.

p. 158. line 10. *Gargara* or *Gargaron*. The highest part of Mt. Ida.

Ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes.

Georg. i. 103.

p. 158. line 16. *Paris*, once her playmate on the hills.
[See Apollodorus, iii. 12, etc.—ED.]

p. 159. lines 4, 5. This sort of refrain :

*O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die*

is found in Theocritus. For “many-fountain’d” cf. *Il.* viii. 47 :

”Ιδην δ’ ἵκανε πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν
and elsewhere in the *Iliad*.

p. 159. line 6.

For now the noonday quiet holds the hill.

μεσαμβρινὴ δ' εἰχ' ὅπος ἡσυχία.

Callimachus, *Lavacrum Palladis*, 72.

p. 159. line 9. *and the winds are dead.* Altered from the original reading of 1842, “and the cicala sleeps.” In these lines describing a perfect stillness, I did not like the jump, “Rests like a shadow—and the cicala sleeps.” Moreover, in the heat of noon the cicala is generally at its loudest, though I have read that, in extreme heat, it is silent. Some one (I forget who) found them silent at noon on the slopes of Etna.

In the Pyrenees, where part of this poem was written, I saw a very beautiful species of cicala, which had scarlet wings spotted with black. Probably nothing of the kind exists in Mount Ida.

p. 159. line 10. *flower droops.* “Flowers droop” in the original edition of 1842 was a misprint for “flower droops.”

p. 159. line 12.

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love.

This line, that any child might have written,

is not, as some writers say, taken from Shakespeare :

“Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.”

2 Henry VI. ii. iii. 17.

p. 159. line 22.

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed.

[Cf. *Tithonus*, vol. ii. p. 32, lines 20, 21 :

Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers ;
and Ovid, *Heroides*, xvi. 179 :

Ilion adspicies, firmataque turribus altis
Moenia, Phoebeae structa canore lyrae.

ED.]

p. 160. line 17. *foam-bow*. The rainbow in the cataract, formed by the sunshine on the foam.

p. 160. line 22. *Hesperian gold*, from the gardens of the Hesperides.

p. 161. line 7. *married brows*, meeting eye-brows.
σύνοφρος κόρα, Theoc. viii. 72. [Cf. Ovid, *Artis Amatoriae*, iii. 201, “confinia superciliī.”—ED.]

p. 162. line 3.

And at their feet the crocus brake like fire.

[Cf. *χρυσανθής κρόκος*, *Oed. Coloneus*, 685.—ED.]

It is the flame-like petal of the crocus which is alluded to, not only the colour. I will answer for it that no modern poet can write

a single line but among the innumerable authors of the world you will somewhere find a striking parallelism. It is the unimaginative man who thinks everything borrowed.

p. 162. line 4. *amaracus*, marjoram.

p. 162. line 4. *asphodel*, a sort of lily. The word “daffodil” is said to be derived from “asphodel.” [Fleur d’asphodelle.—ED.]

p. 162. line 11. *peacock*, sacred to Hêrê.

p. 163. line 12.

Rest in a happy place and quiet seats.

Scilicet is Superis labor est, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat.

Aeneid, iv. 379-380.

and

. . . sedesque quietae
Quas neque concutunt venti.

Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat.* iii. 18.

p. 163. line 20. *O'erthwarted*. Founded on the Chaucerian word “overthwart,” across. Cf. *Troilus and Criseyde*, Bk. iii. 685.

p. 164. line 10. *Sequel of guerdon*, addition of reward.

p. 164. line 21. [The Goddess pictures the full-grown, full-orbed Will like a young planet pursuing its mighty path in a series of revolutions, each revolution more and more symmetrical, and devoid of halting epicycles; until its course is frictionless,—pure unhesitating Will,—fulfilling without let or hindrance the

law of its being in absolute freedom. My father often repeated his lines on Free Will :

This main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the
world ;

and would enlarge upon man's consequent moral obligations, upon the law which claims a *free* obedience, and upon the pursuit of moral perfection (in imitation of the Divine) to which man is called.—ED.]

p. 165. line 6. *Paphian*. Idalium and Paphos in Cyprus are sacred to Aphrodite.

p. 167. line 5. *The Abominable*, Eris the goddess of strife, discord.

p. 168. line 20.

A fire dances before her, and a sound.

Cf.

$\pi\alpha\pi\alpha\hat{\iota}, \text{ο}\hat{\iota}\text{o}\nu \tau\grave{\delta} \pi\hat{\nu}\rho^{\cdot} \dot{\epsilon}\pi\acute{\epsilon}\rho\chi\epsilon\tau\alpha\iota \delta\acute{\epsilon} \mu\iota.$

Aesch. *Ag.* 1256.

p. 169. *THE SISTERS*. [First published in 1832.—ED.]

Mrs. Tom Taylor has made a fine setting for this.

p. 172. *THE PALACE OF ART*. [First published in edition dated 1833; but really 1832.—ED.] Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) said, when we were at Trinity (Cambridge) together, “Tennyson, we cannot live in Art.” This

poem is the embodiment of my own belief that the Godlike life is with man and for man.

Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three sisters . . .

That never can be sunder'd without tears.

And he that shuts out Love, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in outer darkness.

[Spedding writes that the poem “represents allegorically the condition of a mind which, in the love of beauty, and the triumphant consciousness of knowledge, and intellectual supremacy, in the intense enjoyment of its own power and glory, has lost sight of its relation to man and God.”—ED.]

When I first conceived the plan of *The Palace of Art*, I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it, but I only finished two sculptures.

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,
With one arm stretch'd out bare, and mock'd
and said,
“Come, cry aloud—he sleeps.”

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

Olympias was the mother of Alexander the Great, and devoted to the Orphic rites. She was wont in the dances proper to these ceremonies to have great tame serpents about her.

One was Olympias : the floating snake
 Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist
 Knotted, and folded once about her neck,
 Her perfect lips to taste,

¹ Down from the shoulder moved ; she seeming
 blithe
 Declined her head : on every side
 The dragon's curves melted, and mingled with
 The woman's youthful pride
 Of rounded limbs.

p. 172. line 16. [*Sleeps*. The shadow of Saturn thrown on the luminous ring, though the planet revolves in ten and a half hours, appears to be motionless.—ED.]

p. 173. line 14. *That lent broad verge*, a broad horizon.

p. 176. line 4. *hoary*. The underside of the olive leaf is white.

p. 176. line 19. *branch-work of costly sardonyx*. The Parisian jewellers apply graduated degrees of heat to the sardonyx, by which the original colour is changed to various colours. They imitate thus, among other things, bunches of grapes with green tendrils.

¹ MS. reading.

p. 176. line 20.

Sat smiling, babe in arm.

[Edward FitzGerald wrote a note for me on this : "After visiting Italy some twenty years after this poem was written, he told me that he had been prepared for Raffaelle, but not for Michael Angelo ; whose picture at Florence of a Madonna dragging a 'ton of a child' over one shoulder almost revolted him at first, but drew him toward itself afterward, and 'would not out of memory.' I forget if he saw the Dresden Raffaelle, but he would speak of the *Child* in it as 'perhaps finer than the whole composition, in so far as one's eyes are more concentrated on the subject. The child seems to be the furthest reach of human art. His attitude is a man's ; his countenance a Jupiter's, perhaps too much so.' But when A. T. had a babe of his own, he saw it was not 'too much so.' 'I am afraid of him : babies have a grandeur which children lose, their look of awe and wonder. I used to think the old painters overdid the expression and dignity of their infant Christs, but I see they didn't.'" —ED.]

p. 177. line 9.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son.

Arthur when he was "smitten thro' the helm" by Modred.

Here this verse was omitted :

Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold
 Athwart the light-green rows of vine,
 Pour'd blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold
 Down to the gulfy Rhine.

p. 177. line 15.

The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear.

Egeria, who gave the laws to Numa Pompilius.

p. 177. line 17. *engraif'd* [heraldic term for serrated.—ED.]

p. 177. line 19. *Indian Cama*, the Hindu God of young love, son of Brahma.

p. 178. line 1. *blew*. “Blue,” as it appears in some editions, was a printer’s error. [Cf. Moschus, *Id.* ii, 121-5.—ED.]

p. 178. line 10. *the supreme Caucasian mind*. [The Caucasian range was thought to form the N.W. border of Western Asia, from which the races who peopled Europe originally came.—ED.]

p. 179. line 1. *Ionian father*, Homer.

p. 180. line 7. *large-brow'd Verulam*. The bust of Bacon in Trinity College Library. “Livy” is in one of the original verses here, and looks queer. Our classical tutor at Trinity College used to call him such a great poet that I suppose he got into my palace thro’ his recommendation.

[FitzGerald wrote : "In this advancement of Livy I recognize the fashion of A. T.'s college days, when the German school, with Coleridge, Julius Hare, etc., to expound, came to reform all our Notions. I remember that Livy and Jeremy Taylor were 'the greatest poets next to Shakespeare.'"]

The "original verses" referred to ran thus :
 Cervantes ; the bright face of Calderon ;
 Robed David, touching holy strings ;
 The Halicarnassean ; and alone,
 Alfred, the flower of kings.
 Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
 Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
 Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphael,
 And eastern Confutzee.
 And many more that in their life-time were
 Full-welling fountain-heads of change, etc.

ED.]

p. 180. line 8.

The first of those who know
 is Bacon.

"Il maestro di color chi sanno,"
 as Dante says of Aristotle in *Inferno*, iii.

In the first edition, in the centre of the four quadrangles was a huge tower.

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
 Shudder'd with silent stars, she climb,
 And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
 Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
 Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
 Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like
 swarms
 Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars,
 That mystic field of drifted light
 In mid Orion and the married stars.¹

“*Moons of Mars*” is the only modern reading here. All the rest are more than half a century old.

p. 180. line 15. *as morn from Memnon*. [The statue of Memnon near Thebes was said to give forth music when the rays of the rising sun struck it.—ED.]

p. 181. line 10. *anadems*, crowns. [Cf. Shelley’s *Adonais*, XI. :

“and threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem.”

ED.]

p. 181. line 12. *hollow’d moons of gems* [gems hollowed out for lamps.—ED.].

p. 181. After line 20 used to come these verses:

“From shape to shape at first within the womb
 The brain is moulded,” she began,
 “And thro’ all phases of all thought I come
 Unto the perfect man.

¹ These last three lines were altered by my father from the 1832 edition, and written down by him for this Note.

All nature widens upward. Evermore
 The simpler essence lower lies,
 More complex is more perfect, owning more
 Discourse, more widely wise."

p. 183. line 7.

The abysmal deeps of Personality.

Arthur Hallam once pointed out to me, or I to him, a quotation in some review from J. P. Richter where he talks of an "abysmal Ich." "I believe that redemption is universal in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God but man's own will; that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality" (*A. H. Hallam's Remains*, p. 132).

p. 184. line 6.

And, with dim fretted foreheads all.

Cf. "moth-fretted garments." Not wrinkled, but worm-fretted (Old English *fretan*, to eat).

p. 184. line 19.

The hollow orb of moving Circumstance.

Some old writer calls the Heavens "the Circumstance." When an undergraduate, a friend said to me, "How fine the word 'circumstance' is, used in that sense." Here it is more or less a play on the word. The Ptolemaic astronomy describes the universe as scooped out of chaos.

p. 187. *LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.* [First published in 1842, although written early.—ED.] A dramatic poem drawn from no particular character.

p. 189. line 11.

The gardener Adam and his wife.

"The grand old gardener" in my original MS. was altered to "the gardener Adam" because of the frequent letters from friends asking me for explanation.

p. 191. *THE MAY QUEEN.* [An early poem first written in Lincolnshire, and published in the edition dated 1833, except the "Conclusion," added and published in 1842. Fitzgerald says: "*The May Queen* is all Lincolnshire inland, as *Locksley Hall* its sea-board."—ED.]

p. 193. line 8. *cuckoo-flowers.* Lady's smock (*Cardamine pratensis*). [Cf.

"When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white," etc.
Love's Labour's Lost, v. ii. 905.—ED.]

p. 195. *THE MAY QUEEN: NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

p. 195. line 8. *The blossom on the blackthorn.* "The May upon the blackthorn"—how did this reading get into the original text? The May was so late that there was only blackthorn in May.

p. 196. line 2. *Charles's Wain*, "The Great Bear," or "The Plough," or, according to the old Egyptians, "The Thigh."

p. 199. *THE MAY QUEEN: CONCLUSION.*

p. 200. line 9. *death-watch*, a beetle (*Anobium tesselatum*) whose ticking is supposed to forebode death.

p. 201. line 13. *window-bars*. Looks as if brought in for the rhyme. I was thinking of our old house, where all the upper windows had iron bars, for there were eleven of us children living in the upper story.

p. 204. *THE LOTOS-EATERS*. [First published in the edition dated 1833, much altered and published in 1842.—ED.] The treatment of *Cænone* and *The Lotos-Eaters* is, as far as I know, original. Of course the subject of *The Lotos-Eaters* is taken from the *Odyssey*, ix. 82 foll.

p. 204. line 3.

In the afternoon they came unto a land.

“The strand” was, I think, my first reading, but the no rhyme of “land” and “land” was lazier.

p. 204. line 8.

And like a downward smoke, the slender stream.

Taken from the waterfall at Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, when I was 20 or 21.

p. 204. line 11. *Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.*
Lying among these mountains before this waterfall, that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words.

p. 205. line 7. *slender galingale*. I meant the *Cyperus papyrus* of Linnaeus.

p. 206. line 2. *wandering fields.* Made by me on a voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin (1830). I saw a great creamy slope of sea on the horizon, rolling toward us.

I often, as I say, chronicle on the spot, in four or five words or more, whatever strikes me as picturesque in nature.

p. 206. *LOTOS-EATERS: CHORIC SONG.*

p. 206. line 11. *Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.*

I printed, contrary to my custom, "tir'd," not "tired," for fear that the readers might pronounce the word "tirèd," whereas I wished them to read it "tiérd," prolonging as much as might be the diphthongic *i*.¹

[When at Somersby (1830-37) my father now and then listened to the singing and playing of his sisters. He had a love for the simple style of Mozart, and for our own national airs and ballads, but only cared for complicated music as suggesting echoes of winds and waves. FitzGerald, in a note on *The Dream of Fair Women*, St. XLIV., says: "A. T. was not thought to have an ear for music, and I remember little of his execution in that line except humming over 'The weary pund o' tow,' which was more because of the weary moral, I think, than for any music's sake. Carlyle, however, once said, 'The man must have music dormant in him, revealing itself

¹ Making the word neither monosyllabic nor dissyllabic, but a dreamy child of the two.

in *verse*.' I remember A. T. speaking of Haydn's 'Chaos,' which he had heard at some Oratorio. He said, 'The violins *spoke* of light.' Venables wrote in 1835: "I almost wonder that you *with your love of music and tobacco* do not go and live in some such place" (as Prague).—ED.]

p. 209. line 4.

To the influence of mild-minded melancholy.

An early sonnet (*Englishman's Magazine*, 1831) ran thus :

Check every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech; speak low, and
give up wholly
Thy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy.

p. 210. line 4. *amaranth*, the immortal flower of legend.

p. 210. line 4. *moly*, the sacred herb of mystical power, used as a charm by Odysseus against Circe.

p. 210. line 13. *acanthus*, the plant seen in the capitals of Corinthian pillars.

p. 211. line 6. *On the hills like Gods together.* [Cf. note above on p. 362 (*Oenone*, p. 163, line 12), and Lucretius, v. 83, vi. 58 :

Nam bene qui didicere deos securum agere
aevum.

Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 101 :

Namque deos didici securum agere aevum.

ED.]

p. 213. *A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.* Published in 1832 [in the edition dated 1833, and much altered in 1842.—ED.].

[FitzGerald notes: “*The Dream of Fair Women* in the 1st Ed. of (dated) 1833 begins with the following stanzas, of which the three first may stand as a separate Poem:—

As when a man that sails in a balloon,
 Down-looking, sees the solid shining ground
 Stream from beneath him in the broad blue
 noon,
 Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound :
 And takes his flags and waves them to the
 mob,
 That shout below, all faces turn'd to where
 Glows ruby-like the far-up crimson globe,
 Fill'd with a finer air ;
 So, lifted high, the poet at his will
 Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,
 Higher thro' secret splendours mounting still,
 Self-poised, nor fears to fall,
 Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.
 While I spoke thus, the seedsman, memory,
 Sow'd my deep-furrow'd thought with many a
 name,
 Whose glory will not die.”

ED.]

p. 213. line 3. *the morning star of song.* Chaucer, the first great English poet, wrote the *Legend of*

Good Women. From among these Cleopatra alone appears in my poem.

p. 213. line 5. *Dan*, from *dominus*. [Cf. Spenser's "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled." *Faerie Queene*, iv. ii. xxxii.—ED.]

p. 214. line 11. *tortoise*, the "testudo" of ancient war. Warriors with shields upheld on their heads advanced, as under a strong shed, against the wall of a beleaguered city.

p. 215. line 18. *In an old wood.* The wood is the Past. Cf. p. 217, lines 7, 8 :

the wood is all thine own
Until the end of time,
i.e. time backward.

p. 216. lines 5-8.

*The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.*

This stanza refers to the early past. How magnificently old Turner would have painted it.

p. 217. line 9.

*At length I saw a lady within call.
Helen of Troy.*

p. 217. line 11. *A daughter of the gods*, daughter of Zeus and Leda. Some call her daughter of Zeus and Nemesis.

p. 218. line 4.

To one that stood beside.

Iphigenia, who was sacrificed by Agamemnon to Artemis.

p. 218. line 10.

Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years.

This line (as far as I recollect) is almost synchronous with the old reading ; but the inversion there, “ Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears,” displeased me.

p. 218. line 11.

My father held his hand upon his face.

[No doubt my father had in his mind the famous picture by Timanthes, *The Sacrifice of Iphigeneia* (described by Valerius Maximus, viii. 11. 6), of which there is a Pompeian wall-painting. Also the passage in Lucretius, i. 84 foll.—ED.]

p. 218. lines 17-20.

The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat ;

The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore ;

The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ;

Touch'd ; and I knew no more.

Originally the verse, which I thought too ghastly realistic, ran thus :

The tall masts quiver'd as they lay afloat ;

The temples and the people and the shore ;
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat

Slowly,—and nothing more.

p. 219. line 11.

A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes.

I was thinking of Shakespeare's Cleopatra :

"Think of me

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black."

Antony and Cleopatra, I. v. 28.

Millais has made a mulatto of her in his illustration. I know perfectly well that she was a Greek. "Swarthy" merely means sunburnt. I should not have spoken of her breast as "polished silver" if I had not known her as a white woman. Read "sunburnt" if you like it better.

p. 220. line 3. *That dull cold-blooded Cæsar.* Mark Antony deserted Octavia for Cleopatra. Then followed the battle of Actium, where Antony was defeated. She strove to fascinate him, as she had fascinated Julius Cæsar, but, not succeeding, "with a worm" she "balk'd his fame."

p. 220. line 10. *Canopus*, in the constellation of Argo.

p. 221. line 5. *I died a Queen.* Cf. "Non humiliis mulier" (Hor. *Od.* i. 37. 32).

p. 222. line 2.

A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn.

Jephthah's daughter. Cf. Judges, chap. xi.

p. 224. line 4. *battled*, embattled, battlemented.

p. 224. line 9.

Saw God divide the night with flying flame.

[Cf.

Diespiter

Igni corusco nubila dividens.

Horace, *Od.* i. 34. 5.—ED.]

p. 225. lines 1-3.

my race

*Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.*

See Judges xi.

p. 225. line 7.

Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood.

Threading the dark thickets. Cf. “every
bosky bourn” (*Comus*, 313).

p. 226. line 3. *Fulvia*, wife of Antony, named by
Cleopatra as a parallel to Eleanor.

p. 226. lines 7, 8.

The captain of my dreams

Ruled in the eastern sky.

Venus, the star of morning.

p. 226. lines 10, 11.

*her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head.*

Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who is said to have transferred his headless corpse from the Tower to Chelsea Church. Sir Thomas More's head had remained for

fourteen days on London Bridge after his execution, and was about to be thrown into the Thames to make room for others, when she claimed and bought it. For this she was cast into prison. She died nine years after her father, and was buried at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, but in the year 1715 the vault was opened, and it is stated that she was found in her coffin, clasping the small leaden box which inclosed her father's head.

p. 226. lines 13-16.

*Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.*

Eleanor, wife of Edward I., went with him to the Holy Land (1269), where he was stabbed at Acre with a poisoned dagger. She sucked the poison from the wound.

p. 228. *THE BLACKBIRD.* [Written about 1833 and published in 1842.—ED.]

p. 228. line 12. *jenneting*, an early apple, ripe in June.
Juneting, i.e. June-eating.

p. 229. line 1.

And in the sultry garden-squares
was in the original MS.

I better brook the drawling stares,
i.e. starlings.

p. 229. lines 3, 4.

*I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.*

Charles Kingsley confirmed this.

p. 230. *THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.* [First published in 1832.—ED.]

p. 232. line 2. *rue for you*, mourn for you. Cf. intransitive use of “rue”:

“Nought shall make us rue.”

King John, v. vii. 117.

p. 233. *To J. S.* [First published in 1832.—ED.]

Addressed to James Spedding, the biographer of Bacon. His brother was Edward Spedding, a friend of mine, who died in his youth.

p. 234. line 3. *Once thro' mine own doors.* The death of my father. [On a day in March 1831 he was found leaning back in his study chair, having passed away peacefully. Charles Tennyson Turner writes: “He suffered little, and after death his countenance, which was strikingly lofty and peaceful, was, I trust, an image of the condition of his soul, which on earth was daily racked by bitter fancies, and tossed about by stormy troubles.”—ED.]

p. 237. *ON A MOURNER.* [Written early, but first published in *Selections*, 1865. See *Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 19.—ED.]

p. 237. line 9. *humm'd the dropping snipe.* The snipe makes a humming noise as it drops to earth.

p. 237. line 10. *marish-pipe*, marestail. (Originally the paddock-pipe.)

p. 238. lines 19, 20.

*while all the fleet
Had rest by stony hills of Crete.*

[Cf. *Aeneid*, iii. 135, 147-177.—ED.]

p. 239. *YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE.* [Written about 1833, and first published in 1842.—ED.]

This and the two following poems, *Of old sat Freedom* and *Love thou thy land*, are said to have been versified from a speech by my friend Spedding at the Cambridge Union. I am reported as having gone home and written these three poems during the night and shown them to him in the morning. The speech is purely mythical; at least I never heard it, and no poem of mine was ever founded upon it.

In the first, *You ask me why*, etc., there is a similarity to a note by Spedding [which Sir Henry Taylor has introduced at the close of one of his plays], and why not, for I thoroughly agreed with him about politics. Aubrey de Vere showed these poems to Wordsworth; they were the first poems of mine which he read. [Cf. *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 126.—ED.]

p. 239. line 11.

[*Where Freedom slowly broadens down*
has been repeatedly misprinted “broadens

slowly." My father never, if he could help it, put two *s's* together, and the original MS. stood as it stands now.—ED.]

- p. 241. Of old sat Freedom on the heights.*
[First published in 1842, written about 1833.
—ED.]

- p. 241. line 15.*

Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks.

Like Zeus with his "trisulca fulmina," the thunderbolts. [Ovid, *Met.* ii. 848, "trisulcis ignibus"; Ovid, *Ib.* 471, "telo trisulco."—ED.]

- p. 243. Love thou thy land, with love far-brought.* [First published in 1842, written about 1833.—ED.]

- p. 246. line 12. [the rising wind of revolutionary change.*
—ED.]

- p. 248. England and America in 1782.* First published in a New York paper in 1874.

- p. 248. line 8.*

Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught.

Copy of part of a letter of mine to Walt Whitman:

Nov. 15, '87.

"The coming year should give new life to every American, who has breathed the breath of that soil which inspired the great founders of the American constitution, whose work you are to celebrate. Truly the mother-country,

pondering on this, may feel that howmuchsoever the daughter owes to her, she the mother has something to learn from the daughter. Especially I would note the care taken to guard a noble constitution from rash and unwise innovators."

p. 250. *THE GOOSE*. [First published in 1842.—ED.]

p. 253. *THE EPIC*. Mrs. Browning wanted me to continue this: she has put my answer in *Aurora Leigh*.

p. 255. line 8. *mouthing out his hollow oes and aes*.

[Edward FitzGerald writes: "Morte d'Arthur when read to us from manuscript in 1835 had no introduction or epilogue; which were added to anticipate or excuse the 'faint Homeric echoes,' etc.¹ *Mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, deep-chested music*, this is something as A. T. read, with a broad north country vowel. . . . His voice, very deep and deep-chested, but rather murmuring than mouthing, like the sound of a far sea or of a pine-wood. This voice, I remember, greatly struck Carlyle when he first came to know him."—ED.]

p. 256. *MORTE D'ARTHUR*. [First written in 1835, and published in 1842. My father was fond of

¹ As in *The Day-Dream*, to give a reason for telling an old-world tale.

reading this poem aloud. At the end of May 1835 he repeated some of it to FitzGerald while in a boat on Windermere. FitzGerald notes the two lines :

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

“‘That is not bad, I think,’ (A. T.) said to me while rowing on Windermere with him, in May 1835, when this Poem was in MS.”—ED.]

The whole of my Idylls is the dream of man coming into practical life and ruined by one sin. Birth is a mystery and death is a mystery, and in the midst lies the table-land of life, and its struggles and performances. It is not the history of one man or of one generation, but of a whole cycle of generations.

Arthur lived about 500 A.D., and defeated his enemies in a pitched battle in the Welsh kingdom of Strathclyde; and the earliest allusions to him are to be found in the Welsh bards of the seventh century.¹

In the twelfth century Geoffrey of Monmouth collected the legends about Arthur as a great conqueror in his *History of the Britons*, and translated them from Celtic into Latin. Walter Map, born 1143, made Archdeacon of Oxford 1196, added the *Quest of*

¹ Throughout his life my father carefully studied

“what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther’s son,
Begirt by British and Armoric knights.”

the San Graal. The *Morte D'Arthur* by Sir Thomas Malory was printed by Caxton in 1485.

[In Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales* there are four primitive poems naming Arthur which my father often quoted :

- | | | |
|----|-----------------|---------------------------|
| 1. | Vol. i. p. 259. | Welsh in vol. ii. p. 155. |
| 2. | „ 261. | „ 50. |
| 3. | „ 264. | „ 181. |
| 4. | „ 266. | „ 274 and 37. |

(1) is by Taliessin, named Kadeir Teyrnon (Sovereign's Chair), where Arthur is called "the blessed Arthur."

(2) only names Arthur.

(3) is also by Taliessin, named Preidden Annwfn (the Spoils of Hades), and appears to relate to one of Arthur's expeditions.

(4) on Geraint and Llongborth, where Arthur is called "Amherau'dyr llauur"—"Imperator laboris."

Arthur's unknown grave is mentioned in No. XLIV. of the Verses on the Graves of Warriors (*Englynnionn y Bedef*) (Skene, vol. i. 315 and ii. 28) :

"A mystery to the world, the grave of Arthur."

In the Triads of Arthur and his Warriors (Skene, vol. ii. pp. 456-7), Arthur's name is mentioned in No. 1. as chief lord of three tribe thrones, and occurs again in Nos. XVIII., XXIII.

The seventh stanza of the Apple song about Arthur, as printed in Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry*, 1876 (which my father considered an excellent book), prophesies the return of Arthur and Medrawd, and renewal of the battle of Camlan.—ED.]

p. 256. line 4. *Lyonnaise*. The country of legend that lay between Cornwall and the Scilly Islands and included part of Cornwall.

p. 257. line 13. *samite*, a rich silk stuff inwrought with gold and silver threads. (*έξαμιτον*, woven with six kinds of thread.)

p. 258. line 13. *topaz-lights*. The topaz is a precious stone of varying colours (perhaps from root “*tap*,” to shine.—Skeat).

p. 258. line 13. *jacinth* is the hyacinth stone, blue and purple. Cf. Rev. xxi. 20.

p. 258. line 16.

This way and that dividing the swift mind.

A translation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv. 285 :

Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc
dividit illuc.

ἐν δέ οἱ ἡτορ . . . διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν.
Il. i. 188.

p. 259. line 12. *lief*, beloved. Alder-liefest (2 Hen. VI. i. i. 28), most beloved of all.

p. 261. line 22. *a streamer of the northern morn*, Aurora Borealis.

p. 261. line 23. *the moving isles of winter*, icebergs.

p. 262. line 12. *three lives of mortal men*. Nestor was called $\tauριγέρων$. *Anthol. P.* vii. 144. Cf. *Od.* iii. 245 :

$\tauρὶς γὰρ δῆ μίν φασιν ἀνάξασθαι γένε' ἀνδρῶν$.

p. 264. line 6. *Three Queens*. In the original *Morte D'Arthur* one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Some say that the three Queens are Faith, Hope, and Charity.

[The Bishop of Ripon once asked my father whether they were right who interpreted the three Queens as Faith, Hope, and Charity. He answered : "They are right, and they are not right. They mean that, and they do not. They are three of the noblest of women. They are also those three Graces, but they are much more. I hate to be tied down to say, '*This means that*,' because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation."—ED.]

p. 264. line 23. *greaves and cuisses*, leg and thigh armour (*coxa*, thigh).

p. 265. line 24.

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

E.g. chivalry, by formalism of habit or by any other means.

p. 266. line 12. *Bound by gold chains.* [My father said that this passage was not, as has been said, suggested by *Il.* viii. 19 :

σειρὴν χρυσείνην ἐξ οὐρανοθεν κρεμάσαντες,
πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέανται·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανοθεν πεδίονδε
Ζῆν' ὑπατον μήστωρ, οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.
or by Plato, *Theaetetus*, 153.—ED.]

p. 266. line 16.

To the island-valley of Avilion,

or Avalon. There is an island of this name off Brittany, and Avilion also stands for the ancient “isle of Glastonbury.” The Welsh Afallon literally means the “Apple-trees.” It is here the island to which Arthur is borne in the barge, and from which he will some day return—the Isle of the Blest.

p. 266. line 17.

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.

Cf. *Od.* iv. 566 :

οὐ νιφετός, οὔτ' ἄρ χειμῶν πολὺς οὔτε ποτ'
οἵμβρος.

and Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, iii. 18 foll. :

. . . sedesque quietae

Quas neque concutunt venti, nec nubila
nimbis

Aspergunt neque nix acri concreta pruina
Cana cadens violat semperque innubilus
aether

Integit, et large diffuso lumine rident.

p. 266. line 19. *Deep-meadow'd.*

θῆκεν δὲ καὶ βαθύλείμων' ὑπὸ Κίρρας ἀγῶν
πέτραν κρατησίποδα Φρικίαν.

Pind. *Pyth.* x. 23.

Also "Ανθειαν βαθύλειμον; Hom. *Il.* ix. 151.

p. 266. line 20. *crown'd with summer sea.* Cf.

νῆσον, τὴν πέρι πόντος ἀπείριτος ἐστεφάνωται.
Od. x. 195.

p. 269. *THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE PICTURES.* Written at Cambridge [and corrected in Spedding's chambers at 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and published in 1842.—ED.]

The centre of the poem, that passage describing the girl, must be full and rich. The poem is so, to a fault, especially the descriptions of nature, for the lover is an artist, but, this being so, the central picture must hold its place.

p. 271. lines 1, 2.

*Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.*

Sir Henry Taylor used to quote this as a picture for a painter.

p. 273. line 1.

*The mellow ouzel (pronounced oozel) fluted in
the elm.*

"The wooselcock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill."

Mid. Night's Dream, III. i. 128.

The merry blackbird sang among the trees
would seem quite as good a line to nine-tenths
of all English men and women. Who knows
but that the Cockney may come to read it :

The meller housel fluted i' the helm.

Who knows what English may come to ?

p. 273. line 2. *redcap.* Provincial for goldfinch.

[I remember my father's telling me that FitzGerald had guessed rightly that the autumn landscape, which in the first edition was described in the lines beginning "Her beauty grew," was taken from the background of a Titian (Lord Ellesmere's *Ages of Man*). My father said that perhaps in consequence they had been omitted. They ran thus :

*Her beauty grew : till drawn in narrowing
arcs*

*The southing Autumn touch'd with sallower
gleams*

The granges on the fallows. At that time
Tired of the noisy town I wander'd there ;
The bell toll'd four ; and by the time I reach'd
The Wicket-gate I found her by herself.

ED.]

p. 281. DORA. [Written about 1835, and first published
in 1842.—ED.] Partly suggested by Miss
Mitford's story, *Dora Creswell*, which is
cheerful in tone, whereas this is sad ; it is

the same landscape — one in sunshine, the other in shadow.

Spedding used humorously to say that this was the poem which Wordsworth always intended to have written.

p. 281. lines 15, 16.

he and I

Had once hard words.

This quarrel is not in Miss Mitford.

p. 284. line 2.

Far off the farmer came into the field.

From this line to the end of the poem I have not followed Miss Mitford.

p. 284. line 7.

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

δύσετό τ' ἡέλιος, σκιόωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγναί.

Homer, *Od. passim.*

p. 288. *AUDLEY COURT.* [First published in 1842.—ED.] Partially suggested by Abbey Park at Torquay in the old time.

p. 289. line 15. *four-field system* [the planting in rotation of turnips, barley, clover, and wheat.—ED.]

p. 291. line 17.

Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm.

This line was added afterwards. No reader seemed to have understood this allusion. A

French translator has translated it *une verte étincelle*. Torquay was in the old days the loveliest sea-village in England, and is now a town. In those old days I, coming down from the hill over Torquay, saw a “star of phosphorescence” made by the little buoy appearing and disappearing in the dark sea, and was at first puzzled by it.

p. 292. *WALKING TO THE MAIL.* [First published in 1842.—ED.]

p. 295. line 13. *flayflint*, a skinflint.

p. 295. line 15. [*We paid in person. He had a sow, sir.* This is an Eton story. The “leads” were above Long Chamber.—ED.]

p. 296. line 11. *best foot.* “Best boot” was a misprint in several editions.

p. 297. *EDWIN MORRIS; OR, THE LAKE.* [First published in 1851.—ED.]

p. 300. line 15. [*The Latin song I learnt at school refers to Catullus, Acme and Septimius,* xlv. lines 8, 9 :

Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistra ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

ED.]

p. 301. line 22. *Sweet-Gale*, bog-myrtle.

p. 302. line 19. *a mystic token from the king.* Writ from the old Court of Common Pleas.

p. 304. *ST. SIMEON STYLITES.* [First published in 1842. To be read of in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, iv. 320 (Milman-Smith's), and Hone's *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. pp. 35-36. FitzGerald notes: "This is one of the Poems A. T. would read with grotesque Grimness, especially at such passages as 'Coughs, Aches, Stitches, etc.,' laughing aloud at times." See the pendant to this poem, *St. Telemachus*, vol. ix. p. 293.—ED.]

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